Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE JAPANESE AND THE PACIFIC COAST

BY R. W. RYDER

According to their year-book of 1746, the Chinese claim that certain of their Buddhist Priests explored the Coast of Mexico, visited the Aztec Empire and crossed into Alaska one thousand years before the time of Cortez. Had these pioneers remained on the Pacific Coast in sufficient numbers they might have raised the cry, in 1849, "the Americans must go."

Perhaps some of the descendants of these early explorers were among those Chinese who were driven from California in 1888. At any rate, to understand the Japanese situation as it exists on the Pacific Coast, and particularly in California, to-day, it seems necessary to go back to the time when Denis Kearney, of the "pick-handle brigade", initiated the active agitation for Chinese exclusion. Prior to the Kearney agitation, Chinese had been coming to the Pacific Coast for years without protest. Supplying a wide variety of cheap and reasonably efficient labor, they were welcomed everywhere and their immigration encouraged. But in the seventies came the formation of the Workingmen's Party which, with Kearney as one of its ardent leaders, adopted the slogan, "the Chinese must go".

As the result of this agitation, Congress, beginning in 1880, passed some sort of exclusion legislation every two years, but not until 1888 was an act passed which satisfied California. The Act of 1888, however, was a *real* exclusion measure, for it not only barred new Chinese laborers from entry to America,

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but cancelled all certificates of return held by Chinese residents of the United States who were on their visits to China. Preceding the enactment of this legislation, and as the result of the general agitation that had occurred, many acts of lawless violence had been committed against the Chinese. Street assaults upon them, and the pillaging of their stores and shops, were common practices. Violence bred violence, and before the orgy of race hatred had ended, Chinese were actually burned at the stake in a number of places in California.

The Exclusion Act of 1888 accomplished the desideratum, for through its operation the Chinese actually were forced out and prevented from returning; and into the vacuum created by their removal were drawn the Japanese, who so rapidly accommodated themselves to conditions and so satisfactorily filled the demands for cheap and efficient labor, that they were welcomed to our shores even as the Chinese had been a decade or two earlier. For nearly twenty years this condition prevailed, and there was nothing to indicate that the Japanese, coming here in gradually increasing numbers, were not desired as immigrants. It is true that in 1900 a San Francisco labor leader endeavored to arouse opposition to them, but he was given no support and nothing came of his efforts.

So much for the preliminaries. Now let us take up and discuss, in order, conditions as they exist today in California, Washington and Oregon.

Anti-Japanese agitation, or anti-Japanism as it has been called, is no new or novel thing in California. In 1900 it had first made an appearance but, as has been previously stated, secured nothing in the way of definite results. Not until 1906 did it succeed in arousing any general sentiment hostile to the Japanese. During that year much of San Francisco had been destroyed by earthquake and fire and the few school-rooms in use were greatly overcrowded. Seizing upon this situation as an excuse, certain individuals advanced the demand that separate schools be provided for the Japanese, and withdrew the demand only when President Roosevelt intervened and agreed to endeavor to induce Japan to prohibit new labor immigration to the United States. In this endeavor, the President was

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successful, for Japan, through an informal understanding, known as "the Gentlemen's Agreement", promised to prevent the immigration of new laborers to continental United States. This, according to official evidence, she has done, as will be fully recounted later in this article.

With the putting of the Gentlemen's Agreement into operation, anti-Japanism subsided, but in 1913 it came into active life again. This time the demand was for a law prohibiting Japanese from purchasing agricultural land and limiting their leasehold thereof to three years. The Federal Executive, in opposition to the measure, sent Secretary of State Bryan across the continent to Sacramento, but to no purpose, for the bill was enacted into law. With the passage of this law, anti-Japanism again disappeared. All during the late war—while the Japanese fleet was protecting our commerce and other interests by patrolling the Pacific—the most cordial relations existed between the two peoples. But the Armistice had hardly been signed before agitation against the Japanese again manifested itself; however, not until it had been resuscitated and energized by one of California's United States Senators who was soon to be a candidate for reëlection, and who has since been defeated at the polls. This Senator, Mr. Phelan, appeared in California early in 1919, and at once made a visit to the Immigration Stations at San Francisco and Los Angeles; whereupon, he issued a statement characterizing the Japanese situation as a menace. Next, he addressed the State Legislature on the Japanese question. Prior to his address, although the Legislature had been in session for almost two months, it had done nothing regarding the Japanese. But a few days afterward, several anti-Japanese measures were introduced and were only defeated through the influence of the Governor who had received and made public a cablegram from Secretary of State Lansing, then in Versailles, stating in effect that passage of legislation antagonistic to the Japanese might embarrass the negotiation of the peace treaty. For thus acceding to the wishes of the Federal Government, the Governor was roundly abused, but nevertheless he refused to recede from his stand. He had already ordered the State Board of Control to investigate thoroughly the Japan-

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ese situation in the State, and to all who urged him to call a Special Session of the Legislature to enact anti-Japanese legislation, he replied that the question was of such importance that no solution of its problems should be attempted before a careful investigation had been made, and that such investigation and any subsequent action that might be taken should be kept entirely free from politics.

For reasons known only to themselves, the leaders in the movement against the Japanese refused to await the result and findings of this investigation and proceeded at once to prepare an initiative measure which, as this is written, has just been carried at the polls. By its terms the measure re-affirms the inhibitions of farm land ownership imposed by the law of 1913, and adds a new provision which denies to Japanese the right to lease farm land for any period at all. Also, it forbids them acquiring or holding any stock in a corporation owning farm land, or to act as guardians for their American-born children in any matter in which farm land is involved. Exceedingly drastic as are its terms, the measure was carried by a large majority, though by nowhere near as great a one as its proponents had predicted. However, its passage was not unexpected, for the anti-Japanists, aided by a large part of the State press, conducted a campaign which succeeded in arousing a statewide sentiment intensely hostile to the Japanese, a sentiment which it was impossible for the latter to combat because of the fact that all ordinary avenues of publicity were closed to them. Few of the "arts and practices" of cheap politics and yellow journalism were overlooked by those opposing the Japanese, and inaccuracies and overstatements seemed to be more the rule than the exception. Even while the Congressional Committee on Immigration was in California last summer, trying its best to make a fair and comprehensive investigation of the situation,the anti-Japanists and that part of the press in sympathy with their efforts continued this character of agitation. Sensational charges which were later proved to have been predicated on information and belief were frequent, and that part of the press already alluded to adopted the old practice of "playing up" in glaring headlines all that was unfavorable to the Japanese, and either burying in

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the body of the article or omitting altogether anything that favored them. Also, it was guilty of serious inaccuracies, of which the following will provide a sample: When the members of the Immigration Committee visited the Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco Bay, newspaper men accompanied them. While there the Committee observed and interrogated a number of "picture brides" who had arrived from Japan the day before. There were exactly ten of these women, as the official record will show and as was known to all the newspaper men present; and yet some of the newspapers gave the number of such "picture brides" as forty, and some as seventy-two. Why the actual number was multiplied by four in some instances and by seven in others, is beyond conjecture, but the public, reading those newspapers and having no other source of information, was further misled. Many other incidents of a like nature could be cited, and a fair observer could not escape the belief that a great deal of the inaccuracy was deliberate. In any event, it is no wonder, to any one familiar with the circumstances, that sentiment against the Japanese has rapidly developed, for the public, depending upon the press for information, has reacted normally to what it has read.

Adverting again to the initiative measure which has just been passed, it would seem that its practical effect will be to drive the Japanese from the land to industry, from the farms to the cities; as most of these people who are now here will remain. Recognising this, labor bodies in Stockton and Sacramento adopted resolutions declaring for fair treatment of all people lawfully in our midst and asserting that they were "opposed to the removal of Orientals from the land to industry". However, other labor organizations endorsed the initiative measure, so that there has been no unanimity in the opinion of labor on this matter. As to what will happen when the Japanese are driven from the soil, the anti-Japanists appear to have no concern. All that they have said in this connection is that American farmers will take the places of the Japanese thus removed, a claim which is vigorously disputed by men who are either large land-owners or otherwise closely in touch with farming conditions. The latter strongly contend that during the last few years Americans have shown

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a tendency to abandon farming for occupations less hard and exacting, and that those remaining will not undertake to produce in any substantial way the crops now extensively raised by the Japanese, namely: small fruits, berries, tomatoes, asparagus and all kinds of green vegetables. American farmers, they assert, prefer to raise such crops as corn, barley, oats, wheat, beans, rice, alfalfa etc., which require less arduous labor to produce and are more easily handled. The Japanese, on the other hand, being short of stature, take readily to the kind of labor so necessary to intensive cultivation. Besides, they are accustomed to cultivating small parcels of land, and therefore are best suited for and most successful at this kind of farming. Regarding this phase of the matter, the report of the State Board of Control (*California and the Oriental*) has this to say:

SUDDEN REMOVAL NOT WISE

It is but proper to call attention to the fact that any sudden removal of the Japanese from their present agricultural pursuits in California would affect our food supply very seriously. The annual output of agricultural products by Japanese in 1919, approximating $67,000,000, consists of food products practically indispensable to the State's daily supply. The Japanese, being a race of short people, seem willing to engage in those lines of agricultural work which call for so-called "squat labor", or the class of "stoop-and-pick labor".

According to the United States census, the Japanese population of California in 1910 was 41,356. Now, according to an estimate of the State Board of Control, it is 87,279. The substantial increase shown is made much of by the anti-Japanists; in fact, it is one of their main arguments. An analysis of these figures shows that most of the increase has been due to Japanese births which, during the last ten years, have amounted to 28,037. Add to this figure the ten or eleven thousand wives (including 5,749 "picture brides") who, since 1911, have arrived to join their husbands, and we find that the increase in Japanese population through *new* male immigration has amounted to only about six thousand for the ten year period. The total population of the State, according to latest census returns, is 3,426,000, which means that there are more than 3,338,000 non-Japanese residents

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of California. How that number of people can be "menaced" by 87,000 Japanese, it is very difficult to see.

The high birth rate of the Japanese here has furnished another argument which has been widely advanced by those leading the opposition to the Japanese. They point out that the Japanese percentage of total births has increased from 2.24 in 1910, to 7.82 in 1920, and assert that this portends Japanese "inundation". The thing which they seem to have lost sight of is that the history of all immigration shows that the birth rate of every new immigrant group has been high at first, but that as prosperity and better standards of living have come, the rate declines; and furthermore, that the first movement of a new people to a new land is one, invariably, almost exclusively of males. The Japanese have been no exception to this rule. Prior to 1911, immigrants from Japan to the United States were males almost entirely. Having obtained a foothold and established homes, these men sent to Japan for their wives. Proof of this is found in the immigration figures which show that the percentage of male immigration from Japan to continental United States has decreased from 85.7 in 1910, to 41.5 in 1919. With the coming of these wives, the total of births has increased and the birth rate has risen; but there is no reason to believe that as the ratio of females to males approaches the normal, the birth rate will not fall. In fact, it has already done so in certain sections of the State where normal family life among the Japanese has prevailed for a relatively longer period than elsewhere. In view of such circumstances, it would not seem that California has anything to fear from the Japanese birth rate.

California's total land area is a little more than 98,000,000 acres. Of this, 28,000,000 acres is farm land, of which the Japanese own or are buying upon contract (either individually or through American-Japanese corporations) 74,769 acres; and lease or operate upon crop shares, 383,287 acres. They operate, therefore, about 450,000 acres of farm land out of a total of 28,000,000 acres in the State. However, it cannot be said that they control even this much, for their actual control does not extend to land leased or operated upon crop shares, but only to land owned by them, which is less than 75,000 acres. Considering

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these figures—and they are all taken from the report of the State Board of Control—it is hard to believe that Japanese land operation is "menacing" California. There is much good land still uncultivated which, in all probability, will remain so for many years to come.

On the whole, conditions in California do not justify the claims of the anti-Japanists. True, there is widespread sentiment against the Japanese, but it has succeeded—not preceded—political agitation, and in the light of past experience one might safely venture the prediction that if political agitation were to cease, anti-Japanese sentiment would rapidly and practically subside.

No widespread sentiment antagonistic to the Japanese is to be found in the State of Washington. That which does exist is far less bitter than that in California, although there are about as many Japanese, in proportion to the total population of the State, as in California. But there has been no active, systematized agitation against the Japanese and, so far as could be ascertained, no one has tried or is trying to use the Japanese question as a means of securing political office. Furthermore, the press has been fair and impartial. During the recent Hearings of the Immigration Committee in Seattle and Tacoma, the newspapers gave equal space and prominence to matter favoring, or disfavoring, the Japanese. Race prejudice has not been aroused, therefore, to any appreciable extent, and while there are individuals who are opposing the Japanese, they have been decent and tolerant and fair in such opposition and have zealously striven to keep their activities free from politics and from methods calculated to excite racial bitterness.

Still another reason for the present situation is to be found in the attitude of organized labor. Those active in labor circles have encouraged the unionizing of the Japanese as furnishing the most practicable means of preventing undesirable and unhealthy competition. As a result, a considerable number of Japanese have joined American unions, and many others belong to Japanese organizations which prescribe about the same hour and wage scales as prevail in similar trades among American unions. For instance, according to testimony given

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to the Immigration Committee, Japanese barbers in Seattle and Tacoma are organized and, with few exceptions, their shops charge the same prices and observe the same hours as regular American barber-shops; and such is true to a large extent respecting Japanese laundries, in many of which a considerable number of other residents work side by side with the Japanese.

As to land matters, Japanese, as individuals, cannot own farm land (except when taken over in foreclosure proceedings), as a Constitutional provision inhibits all alien ownership of such land. (This provision was adopted before the State had a Japanese population of any size and was not, therefore, directed against the Japanese. Also, it applies with equal force to *all* aliens.) Corporations, in which the majority of stock is American-owned and the minority stock is Japanese-owned, have acquired some farm land, but not to any great extent. The law does, however, permit leasing of farm land, and Japanese lease approximately 25,000 acres, which is mostly devoted to truck gardening and berry raising, with some dairying. As far as could be observed, there was nothing like a general complaint concerning the land-leasing situation.

There are many Japanese in the stalls of the public markets, who, for the most part, are either representatives of or directly associated with the Japanese truck gardeners and berry-raisers whose products they sell, and there has been some contention that because of their direct connection with the producer, these Japanese are able to undersell their white competitors. However, this is a condition that can easily be controlled through local regulations.

During the late war, Japanese began to acquire hotels and apartment houses in Seattle and Tacoma, and succeeded in securing quite a substantial number of the smaller ones. It appears, however, that they were unable to operate them profitably, and that many have relinquished such properties after having sustained a material financial loss.

In Seattle there are a good many Japanese grocery stores, and for a time there was considerable complaint concerning them in that by remaining open for longer hours and not closing on Sundays and holidays, they were injuring the business of their

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other competitors. However, there is now a movement under way—and apparently succeeding—to prevail upon Japanese grocers to observe the same opening and closing regulations as those established by the Retail Grocers' Association.

As to Japanese population, it is increasing normally; slightly by immigration but mainly through births, and although the birth rate is about the same as in California, there appeared to be no fear of Japanese "inundation". On the whole, public sentiment in Washington is sane and tolerant upon the Japanese question. The situation is not acute and not likely to become so unless, of course, there should be a cessation of the present restrictive immigration policy—a contingency wholly improbable; or a resort to extensive political agitation against the Japanese—of which there is no present indication.

Oregon has had very little anti-Japanese agitation. Once or twice efforts have been made to secure State legislation in opposition to the Japanese, but these have met with little favor and no more support. Consequently, there exists scarcely any sentiment antagonistic to the Japanese. In the State there are less than five thousand Japanese, who own 1,882 acres and lease 7,911 acres of farm land, the law permitting them to own as well as lease. Their holdings are individually small, are not concentrated in any particular community, and in the aggregate are decreasing. There are no farming communities in which Japanese predominate, either as to amount of land owned and operated or as to population, and in the cities there are no "Japanese sections". In view of these facts, Oregon can be said to have no Japanese problem and, unless some totally unlooked-for change occurs, seems likely to have none.

Smuggling of Japanese into America is undoubtedly carried on, though probably not to any very great extent. No nation can control all of its nationals, and some Japanese of the class that, under the Gentlemen's Agreement, would be denied passports, have come into the United States through "underground channels". But there is no evidence that either the Japanese Government or the responsible Japanese in this country have sanctioned or aided them. In fact, by requiring all Japanese leaving South America by steamship to buy "through" tickets

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to Japan, the Japanese Government has shown that it is doing everything possible to prevent smuggling. Also, the various Japanese associations in America have coöperated with our authorities to deport Japanese found to be unlawfully here. However, human nature is much the same the world over, and it is quite likely that if a Japanese in Mexico or Canada desired to come to the United States and found the boundary unguarded, he would not hesitate to cross the line. But the very few Japanese in Mexico and Canada appear to be prospering there, so the possibility of any substantial increase of Japanese population in the United States through smuggling is very small.

Though practically unaided by any governmental agency or activity, Americanization of the Japanese is making substantial progress. Credit for this is principally due to the schools and missions of the various Christian churches, of which there are some seventy-five in California alone, which are devoted exclusively to the Japanese. The schools proper are for the children, but most of the missions also maintain men and women workers (Americans) who go among the Japanese families and instruct them in American customs and ideas. Also, in every community where there is a substantial Japanese population, Japanese Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. units have been established, and Japanese Boy Scout companies organized. That the work is bearing fruit is evidenced by the mannerisms, ideas, ideals and general conduct of the Japanese children. A number of American-born Japanese young men and women testified before the Immigration Committee, and it was apparent that they were Americans in the fullest sense of the word.

The part that the Japanese language school has played in Americanization is not generally realized because the public has been led to an entirely erroneous belief concerning the purpose of these schools. Listening to anti-Japanists, it has become imbued with the idea that such schools exist to inculcate in the minds of the Japanese children the ideas and customs of Japan, and to instill into their hearts love for the Japanese Empire. There is no competent evidence that this is the purpose of the schools which, in practice and despite their name, actually aid Americanization and social assimilation, for without them—as

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is the case generally with respect to foreign language schools—the connecting tie between parent and child would be dissipated. The parent, in most cases, speaks and understands little or no English, hence his acquaintance with American customs, ideas and ideals must come through the child. The Japanese themselves admit, however, that the usefulness of these schools will not extend beyond the present generation, for by that time the older Japanese (who are the ones that speak and understand so little English) will have died out. Furthermore, the Japanese believe that these schools should be supervised by the State Educational Authorities and are initiating a movement to bring this about. Those in charge of Japanese language schools in northern California held an institute in Fresno, California, recently, and adopted a programme which provides for revised or new text-books, and calls upon the State Department of Education to examine and generally supervise the work of these schools.

Concentration by the Japanese in a given community, commonly called colonization, exists in some parts of California and Washington. It is at once partially responsible for and largely the result of anti-Japanism. Like the old question of the chicken and the egg, it is difficult to determine which came first—the colonization or the anti-Japanese agitation. It is only natural that other residents, under existing conditions, should resent the predominance in any community of the Japanese, or of any other alien race for that matter. They patronize business enterprises conducted by individuals of their own race, and practically their whole economic and social intercourse is confined to themselves. Upon the other hand, with race prejudice extant and anti-Japanism rampant, it is also quite natural that a Japanese should desire to settle among his countrymen. To them he looks for aid and interest, and in that way seeks as far as possible to escape the effect of race prejudice. On the whole, colonization creates a very real and perplexing problem, the solution of which must be honestly and constantly sought after.

As to the possibility of physical assimilation of the Japanese, there is a wide divergence of view. The fact is that thus far nothing very definite or conclusive has been established on either

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side of this important question. Interracial marriage has been generally decried and, therefore, has not been practiced to an extent that would furnish a decisive test of its results. The most generally accepted theory has been that the two races will not physically blend, but it is as yet no more than a theory and may be totally disproved in the future. Non-physical, or social and intellectual assimilation, is another matter and, so far as present results are concerned, can be said to be entirely possible. In fact its possibility is definitely established through the American-born Japanese who, in every way, give conclusive evidence of having assimilated the ideas, customs and ideals of America.

By far the most serious charge raised by the anti-Japanists is that Japan "has violated the Gentlemen's Agreement". Let us see if she has. Under the terms of this informal understanding, Japan promised to limit passports to America to the following classes:

1. Former residents
2. Parents, (wives),[1] husbands or children of residents
3. Settled agriculturists
4. Non-laborers; including merchants, teachers, professional men, travellers etc., who, as before, were free to come and go at will.

A little later, Japan, of her own accord and initiative, determined to refuse passports to laborers who sought to go into territory contiguous to continental United States, such as Canada and Mexico.

It can thus be seen that while the agreement did contemplate careful restriction, it did not seek to stop all immigration, hence was not an exclusion act, such as that passed against the Chinese, and never has been so regarded by those adequately informed upon the matter. The trouble is that the public has not been so informed; and has in fact believed the agreement to be some sort of an exclusion arrangement disguised in name to save the pride of Japan. The public has been quite willing, therefore, to believe that Japan has violated the Gentlemen's Agreement. But the facts all point the other way. In all of

[1] Wives were not mentioned, it is claimed, in the original discussion of the Gentlemen's Agreement, but were included therein by our own officials when they began to interpret the agreement.

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the testimony taken by the Immigration Committee there was no competent evidence of violations of the agreement, and we find the acting Secretary of State, Mr. William Phillips, writing to Senator Phelan under date of August 28, 1919, that "the agreement is working with a fair degree of satisfaction", and that "the authorities who have in charge the administration of the immigration laws have not found that the Japanese Government is violating the agreement." This would seem to be a definite and conclusive refutation of the charge that Japan has violated the agreement, and, coming from such an official source, can of course be relied upon.

However, the Gentlemen's Agreement is by no means all that could be desired, and in theory, at least, is susceptible of serious objection. In the first place, its very informality—the fact that it is not a treaty, is not, in fact, even a written document—invites criticism. In the second place, its enforcement, by the very nature of the agreement, is left entirely to Japan, and however satisfactorily in practice this may have resulted, in theory it excites suspicion and distrust and opens the way for easy accusation of evasions and violations. Without impugning the motives of Japan, or mistrusting her intentions, it must be stated that for the best interest of both nations it would be wise to substitute for the Gentlemen's Agreement a formal treaty, the terms and provisions of which would be definite and certain.

Whether right or wrong in theory, there is no doubt of the practical necessity—for the good of all concerned—of making more rigid the restrictive policy of immigration now embodied in the Gentlemen's Agreement. The fact that in California, particularly, there exists a widespread sentiment of hostility toward the Japanese—no matter what its inspiration, nor whether indeed there is justification for it—renders it impossible, for the present at least, to determine the question of Japanese immigration, with all its ramifications, on its merits. Under the circumstances, the coming of more Japanese will create more agitation. Consequently it is best that for the time being, at any rate, no more Japanese should come. Accepting that as a definitely determined proposition, we must next concern ourselves with doing something which will dissipate the hostile

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sentiment directed against those who are already here, and which will be the means of effecting their Americanization. This can only be done by first of all removing the opportunity for political agitation against them, which, of course, means the granting of citizenship to those Japanese now here who, by virtue of length of residence, education and character, can qualify therefor. We cannot reasonably expect to make good citizens of individuals unless we give them the fullest opportunity and encouragement to become such. We cannot reasonably expect the Japanese—or any other alien race—to become real Americans, to develop an abiding devotion to our ideals, a healthy loyalty to our institutions, unless we give them the right to claim and hold those ideals and institutions as their own.

R. W. Ryder.

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THE ECONOMICS OF TRADES-UNIONISM

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE success of the trades-union movement is largely due to the sympathetic attitude of that portion of the public, including many employers, which has given its tacit or active approval. Such public interest in the question is generally not personal or selfish, and the motive behind it is primarily an altruistic desire to see social justice done. It has seemed to the average man that organization is the only means to enable the employee to deal on an equal basis with the employer. The fact that it is primarily a method by which the employees, as a group and dealing through the employer, present their demands to society at large has been usually overlooked. It is my belief that popular support would never have been given to this movement if its real operation and effect had been generally understood. And if it were now realized what the result of continued progress along these lines would be, the man who now feels himself a disinterested but sympathetic spectator of industrial warfare would be stirred by enlightened selfishness to change his attitude.

All that there is to divide among men each year is the total annual output of goods and of services. And each year all of this output is apportioned in various shares to every individual. The size of each share is normally determined by competition and depends upon the valuation that society, in its unconscious appraisal, places upon the services rendered by each man or by his property.

There are only two ways in which the share of any individual can be increased. One is by taking away from others some part of their share. The other is by adding to the whole output. That is an obvious and simple truism. But when this transaction is converted into terms of money we are very apt to become confused and to lose sight of its fundamental simplicity. The use of

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money does not alter the case. Each man sells his services or goods for money, and with the money, he buys other goods or services. The exchange could as well be made direct without the use of money. And, for the sake of clear thinking, it is well to ignore the conversion into money and to regard wages, dividends, etc., not as so many dollars, but as the right to buy certain portions of the total goods and services available, which is earned by the sale of other portions of the total goods and services.

Theoretically the purpose of the trades-union movement is to increase the share of the total annual output which goes to labor, and to do it at the expense of the share which goes to capital. By labor is meant all workers. By capital is meant all owners of property. And it is well to remember that the two combined constitute practically the entire consuming public. So this division accounts for almost the whole output. Now, most workers sell their services, not directly to the consuming public, but to the owners of property. These owners, the capitalists, combine the workers' services with the services of their own machinery, buildings and materials, and then sell to the public the joint product. It is believed by the workers who are unionized that they can by united action secure a larger share of the price of this joint product, which is just another way of saying that labor can secure through trades-unionism a part of the share now going to capital.

As a matter of fact, labor does not, has not, and cannot secure any of the share which goes to capital,—to the owners.

That it does not and has not, is a matter of common observation. If such a shift of earnings had taken place there would now be either a lower return on or a less amount of capital receiving a return than there was before trades-unionism appeared. But the contrary is true in both cases. Never has there been a time when so many large and sudden fortunes have been made. The recent past has been the heyday of capital. Interest rates for investment capital have been high and the opportunities for profitable employment of funds have been unexcelled. Moreover, the amount of property in existence has increased so rapidly, due chiefly to the necessity for machinery, that the proportion of total capital to population has greatly increased.

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Prof. King, in his *Wealth and Income of the People of the United States*, estimates the quantity (money value adjusted to the variation in the Commodity Index) of fixed capital in industrial use to have risen from $105 per capita in 1870 to $412 per capita in 1910.

The tables which Prof. King presents, while they are largely estimates, show the almost unvarying proportion of the total income of the people that goes for personal services. The trades-union movement had its beginnings in the latter part of the decade 1860–70, and its effect has been progressively greater ever since. So the figures for the period 1870–1910 are quoted below.

	Wages and Salaries	*Interest and Profits*
1870	48.6%	43.9%
1880	51.5%	39.6%
1890	53.5%	38.4%
1900	47.3%	45.0%
1910	46.9%	43.8%

Capital's share has been diminished 0.1% in forty years, while labor's share has diminished 1.7%, the difference going to land rent. The intermediate fluctuations are due to advance and decline of prices. Periods of declining prices, such as took place from 1875 to 1897, always increase the real wage, for wages decrease less rapidly than prices. The contrary is the case in periods of advancing prices such as occurred from 1897 to 1910.

That no part of the share of capital can be taken from it is due to its short life. Capital consists of commodities for immediate consumption and of more permanent property for use. All of this permanent property wears out, is destroyed, or is used up in a comparatively short time. And the commodities are rapidly consumed. So capital must be constantly replaced. It is replaced only out of savings. It is so customary to replace capital that such a process is usually not regarded as saving. Thus the re-investment of the proceeds of a "turnover" and the setting up of a depreciation fund for wear and tear are taken for granted. Yet both are saving, because the opportunity is offered on each occasion to spend instead of continuing to use the funds as capital. The rate of return on capital is kept down to an average of the necessary minimum wherever free competition exists. This

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necessary minimum is the rate which is just sufficiently attractive to induce the saving of all needed capital. If the average rate were less than this necessary minimum, people would not save. They would consume their earnings instead. Then, as rapidly as property wore out or was consumed, the amount of material in process, the number of buildings and of machines, would diminish, and production, which is largely dependent upon these facilities, would decline. As the total output decreased, labor's share, while it might become a larger proportion of the whole, could not become a larger amount. The diminished share to capital would be entirely lost and would not go to anyone, because it would arise from a reduction of productivity.

If trades-unionism has not and cannot increase the share of labor by decreasing the share of capital, has it used the only other alternative to increase its return? Has it increased the total output? It is again a matter of common observation that unionism has had just the opposite effect. It has made the worker less, not more productive. There are several reasons for this. One is the adoption of the principle of restriction of output on the mistaken theory that in this way work is made for more people. This common error ignores the fact that the demand for goods is in the aggregate insatiable. The market will always consume all that can be produced, provided the right things are produced. The only limitation upon output is the capacity of men to produce. Unemployment is never due to the need for work being less, but to temporary maladjustments in the programme for the assortment of production.

Again, the practice of "ca' canny", as it is called in England, of soldiering on the job, is widespread wherever unionism has a strong hold. This is partly deliberate sabotage and partly due to the relief of the pressure of competition among workers. Security in the tenure of their positions makes them neglectful and indolent.

There is also a reduction of productivity due to the removal of all stimulation to the exercise of special effort or special ability through the limitation of reward to one dead level, and in some cases to the limitation of output to the capacity of the poorest worker.

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Then there is the strike. Unionism has produced a condition where there is constantly a large body of workmen who are voluntarily idle and are restraining others from taking their place.

And finally there is the shortening of hours of work. However desirable this may have been from the standpoint of social welfare, there is no question that it has reduced the output of the worker.

While there may be individual instances or certain aspects in which unionism has tended to increase productivity, it can hardly be questioned that on the whole the movement has decreased the efficiency and effort of the worker. It has, therefore, decreased, not increased the total output of society, and cannot, by this means, have increased the total share going to the workers.

But, the reader will say, how is it then possible to account for the equally obvious improvement in the standard of living of unionized workingmen which is evident on all sides?

The fact is that those manual workers who have been unionized have increased their share of the social income at the expense of the brain workers and the non-union hand workers. Since they have not increased their efficiency, and could not deprive capital of any of its share, the gain of the union worker has come out of the "white collar" man, the "scab", and the "farm-hand". The actual wages of the latter classes have not been lowered, but since the greater labor cost of the products of union labor is, and must be passed on to the consumer, the purchasing power of all wages has to this extent declined. This is also a well recognized fact. The skilled artisan has built up a wage scale that is actually higher than that received by most clerks, though if the natural economic law were left to work of itself, brain workers would generally receive higher pay than hand workers, for mental efficiency is scarcer than manual efficiency. The fabric of jobs, graded according to their natural value, has been arbitrarily upset. Real justice has not been achieved. On the contrary, an injustice has been done. The scale of pay of different classes of workers is no longer based on the value of their services to the public.

There is another factor which modifies this result, and which

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makes it appear that no one has really suffered loss, but that all have as much as, or more than, they had before the advent of unionism. This is the fact that, contemporaneously with this movement, the total output per worker has greatly increased. Statistics show that in the aggregate it has more than doubled in forty years. It has not increased through any improvement in the personal efficiency or effort of the worker. Quite the contrary. But it has increased on account of the addition on an enormous scale of the so-called "aids to labor" (machinery), which are in reality not aids, but mechanical substitutes for human effort. The value of machinery and tools in use increased five times over from 1870 to 1910. Capital has brought this about by following up all advances in the arts and sciences, and utilizing the inventions and improvements of the age. No doubt the rapidity with which machinery has been adopted and improved has been enhanced by the artificial high cost of union labor and the resultant pressure of competition to induce the substitution of cheaper machine methods. Nevertheless, this increase in output per worker has been secured by the action of capital and in spite of the hindrances imposed by labor.

This economy of human labor has been sufficient to enable every class to hold its own, or even to improve somewhat its standard of living in the last forty years. But the gain, instead of being spread equally over the whole population, has gone disproportionately to unionized skilled manual labor. If there had been no change whatever in the wage scale of the early part of the nineteenth century, every part of the community would have been greatly benefited through the increased purchasing power of its wages due to the decline in costs of production from mechanization. The purchasing power of the average wage has increased from $179 to $401 from 1870 to 1910. Actually, prices have stood still or advanced slightly while wages have been artificially forced upward, with union wages far in the lead. The natural tendency would have been for wages to remain stationary and for prices to decline.

This gain has gone unduly to the unionized worker. He has been permitted to take more than his natural share because he has been allowed to associate and then, with the more or less

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willing connivance of the employer, who has acted merely as agent or intermediary, to dictate to society what particular price his type of services should receive. In individual crafts he has established monopolies, repugnant to both economic and common law, and has maintained this combination in restraint of competition by every old device of boycott, intimidation, and social ostracism, and by the newer methods of the strike, collective bargaining, picketing, etc.

Monopoly either of capital or of labor is directly opposed to social justice. It is necessarily anti-social in every regard. The only exceptions practically necessary are those where competition involves a wasteful and disadvantageous duplication, and in such cases the monopoly must be fully controlled to avoid the development of its innate evils. Merely because a monopoly is established by those who are least fitted to serve society, and therefore receive the lowest rate of return for their efforts, does not alter the case nor justify sympathetic consideration. It should never be in the power of an individual or a group to enforce demands for any specific return for its services or products. Free competition should be maintained by law, and any combination which by its extent or its methods leaves the buyer no alternative but to submit to dictation, should be destroyed by energetic prosecution.

In the days when political power was in the hands of the court favorites it was they who were permitted to exercise monopolies at the expense of the public. Today, when the political power is in the hands of the masses, it is the common workingman who gains the power to create a monopoly undisturbed by law or truckling lawgivers.

The trades-union movement has performed a real service to society in correcting to a large extent the evils of unrestricted competition among workmen. Conditions of work, involving the safety, health and general welfare of the worker have been much improved, and the shortening of hours has been for the most part a real social benefit. Prevention of unfair and destructive competition among themselves is a legitimate field for combinations and associations of both labor and capital, for such competition is never advantageous to society and can best be

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prevented from within. Individual workmen cannot effectively resist bad working conditions or excessive working hours, for such conditions would be found nearly uniform and universal. And it can do no good to permit overwork even if it is voluntary on the part of the worker. All such practices are certain to result in injury to the race. The lamentable factory conditions in England in the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth centuries are doubtless to blame for the present defective physique and constitution of England's labor class.

But while such limitations upon competition from within are advantageous and logical, they should never be allowed where they control or affect the price. Price or wage agreements, either direct or indirect, should be prohibited both for labor and capital.

Nothing is more certain than that the organization of industry will not remain in the condition in which it now finds itself. The development of the situation must follow one of two courses.

If, as many think, trades-unionism has come to stay, we may expect continued progress toward complete unionization of all workers. Then we would see the "white collar" men organizing and the gradual development of a complete system of caste in industry. The spread of unionization in England has already served notice of this eventuality. With the more or less complete organization of workers into crafts there would again be seen a more accurate grading of the scale of wages among all classes. This would not result from the free and natural adjustment of the scale as among all classes, through competition among workers for the most desirable positions, and through the rough selection by society of the fittest for each place, which occurs under conditions of free competition. Rather, the pay of each grade or group would depend upon the essential nature of the industry it was engaged in and the consequent vulnerability to strike methods, and upon the more arbitrary and artificial conscious valuation of the different kinds of work. But the result would be a return to conditions nearly identical with those prevailing before the power of unionism had made itself felt. The share of each would be more nearly equitable than it is now. The size of each share would be larger than before by the amount

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of increased product resulting from the mechanization of industry. But it would be smaller than it would otherwise be because of the inefficiency resulting from absence of competition and from the caste system.

The other possibility is that history will repeat itself, and that the fate of the guilds, the organizations of the masters in mediæval Europe, will now be the fate of the unions, the organizations of the journeymen of modern times. Thus, when the unions had become too powerful, and therefore too autocratic and too inefficient, they would gradually be eliminated through public repression and through independent competition.

In my opinion, the probability is that the latter development will be the outcome. It is possible that the turning point has already been reached. Signs are not lacking of loss of public sympathy, of governmental repression, and of successful competition by the "open shop". But in any case, when the organized and unorganized workers find that they as consumers are not gaining but are actually losing by the unionizing process; and when insurgents perceive the extraordinary opportunity for profit both to the worker and to the owner that exists in the high labor cost established under union conditions; then both repression and competition may be expected to do their work.

Scientific methods of grading and measuring work and human methods of stimulating and inspiring the worker will produce so much better results for both consumer and worker that it is hardly any wonder that union leaders see the handwriting on the wall and read the fate of their propaganda in the internal and voluntary reforms in industrial organization.

Scientific management and employment management, with all that these new movements are understood to include, both in purpose and method, will secure as near real social justice for the workers as is humanly possible at our present stage of progress. In spite of its plausible catch-words, unionism is anti-social. Collective bargaining and the closed shop are but names for monopoly and price dictation, which affect not the employer but society at large. "Ca' canny" is simply cheating. No good purpose can be achieved by evil means.

C. Reinold Noyes.

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THE NAVY AND ITS OWNERS

BY REAR ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U. S. NAVY

I

THE United States Navy, as its name implies, belongs to the people of the United States and to no one else. It is not a "Royal Navy" like those of Great Britain and Italy, nor an "Imperial Navy" such as Japan's is and Germany's used to be. It does not belong to any person, party or administration. Especially does it not belong to the President or to the Secretary of the Navy into whose hands its care, maintenance and operation are confided. If anything is wrong with our Navy the fault lies ultimately with its owners, the people of the United States, because they take little or no interest in it. In a happy-go-lucky way, they feel pride in its efficiency and its exploits, taking for granted that all is well with it, but they are wholly lacking in that jealous love the British have for their Royal Navy. Anything and everything which concerns its condition, morale or strength touches their very hearts and is discussed by them in season and out of season, at all times and in all places. This is as it should be, and it results in a navy free from politics and personalities, devoted, under the limelight of publicity and through a nation's intense affection, to the one sole object, the defence of the realm. Nothing of this kind exists on our side of the water. Whether the Navy is too large or too small, well managed or ill, contented or unhappy, efficient or inefficient, the people care not. They cannot be bothered with things which, they hold, are the province of Congress and the Government. They forget, however, that they must eventually foot the bill and suffer the consequence, if unpleasant, occasioned by their indifference. Is this mental attitude well either for the Navy or for its owners?

While it is true that our people as a whole take practically no interest in the Navy, certain sections of them are keenly con-

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cerned in the local navy yard or naval station and, should this be lacking, they clamor for the establishment of one in their own district. In the generous outpouring of public funds, why not, they ask, receive their share? Hence has arisen an overdevelopment of these shore plants which ought to exist for the benefit of the fleet and *for nothing else.*

The true province of the navy yard is the repair of ships, something which cannot very well be given over to outside firms on account of the indefiniteness of the task and the probability, if not certainty, that faults, not apparent on the surface, may develop in the course of the work. Moreover, time spent in preparing plans and specifications, advertising for bids and making contracts would detain the vessel at the yard when, possibly, sorely needed at the front, while the cost of her maintenance during this period of waiting would in most cases greatly exceed the money saved. That navy yard work is or can be economical no one in his senses suggests. High wages, leaves of absence on full pay, lack of the personal loyalty to the employer, whether an individual or corporation which exists in private life, combine to forbid any such fond optimism. There is absolutely nothing which the Government can do as cheaply, rapidly and efficiently as can a private party. To this rule the navy yards are no exception.

In the minds of the workmen the "Government" is a vast reservoir of wealth upon which they can draw without stint. Do not forget that it is the private citizen, everybody in short, who has to keep that reservoir filled. In spite of these facts, which the public ignores, ships are not only being built in our yards, but the tendency is to increase the facilities under this head and to build more and more. Now the cost of a ship built outside is known to the very last dollar, but kind Providence only knows that of her sister constructed at a navy yard. The one has to carry all overhead charges, administration, light, heat, power, insurance, interest, taxes, etc., but not the other; yet it is conceded by those in the secret that the former is far cheaper. Inasmuch as we have a wealth of plants fully able to supply the Navy's wants, some of which indeed were induced into being by the expectation of government work, what justifi-

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cation is there for this competition which bears upon them so heavily? Can it lie in the existence of a large body of voters open to the appeal, as in a certain election, that since their pay has been raised and their hours shortened they should cast their ballots for the party in power?

Sound business policy would seem to dictate the absolute stopping of ship construction at navy yards and, in addition, of the manufacture of any article which can be procured in the open market. Naturally, special things which the Navy needs in small quantities or are confidential in nature do not come under this inhibition.

It is urged that, by having under construction at least one ship at each large yard, a well organized working force can be permanently retained to be drawn upon for repairs. That this scheme militates against speed in construction is self evident, and we should not forget that so rapid are the changes in naval architecture that even a few months' delay may result in turning out a vessel already out of date. It would seem as if a judicious schedule of repairs might readily be framed for sending ships for this purpose to the yards in well conceived order of rotation. Thus would the desired body of skilled workmen be secured and the time lost in the building of a navy yard ship be avoided. These things can be done if the public wishes, but its silence gives consent to the present practice.

What good national reason can there be urged against the disposal by sale or abandonment, if need be, of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H.? Its work can easily be taken over by that at Boston. Why, for example, retain useless stations at New London, Port Royal, Key West, Gulfport, Miss., etc.? Why not close out the navy yards at Charleston and New Orleans? These matters should be determined by the people, and not by a committee of Congress, subject to the influence of local interests and labor unions; nor by any board of naval officers which would be largely guided by the natural propensity to undue expansion.

The drain upon the naval appropriation by these shore establishments is not easy to determine exactly, but a conservative estimate made some ten years ago may be referred to as throwing

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light on the question. It was then thought that nearly one quarter of the annual naval appropriation could easily have been saved by the elimination of unnecessary yards and stations and the introduction into those which were retained of modern methods of management, all without the least detriment to the fleet. Not only was this not done, but we see today an increase in these plants solely because the people of the United States are entirely negligent of their own interests. No Secretary of the Navy could possibly introduce so radical a departure in policy as that just suggested if he relied solely on its merits. The combined power of the politicians and the labor unions would block him at every step; the former would fight to the death to exploit the influence a naval station in their district is rightly or wrongly supposed to furnish; the latter to retain their hold on so large, remunerative and easy employment which the reduction in yards and the adoption of modern management would infallibly and designedly curtail. He would be a rash official who ignored these strong and opposing elements. To succeed in so wide reaching a reform he must have the support of public opinion voiced in unmistakable terms. Are the people prepared to supply this essential backing? If not, they tacitly approve the present plan and its inevitable expansion. Its modification could be followed profitably by a small reduction in the shore keeping corps of naval constructors and a large one in that of the civil engineers, leaving, if desired, more money to be spent on the fleet.

The size of the Navy is another subject calling for the approval of those who have to bear the burden of the cost. Here stern necessity, not the sentimental cry for the biggest, should rule. Essentially, we need a navy large enough to serve efficiently as a defence against any fairly probable (not remotely possible) attack. To seek to rival Great Britain is sheer folly. War with that Power is unthinkable, yet the appeal is made in high places for a navy equal at least to hers. If the object of these appeals be to place in the hands of a Secretary of the Navy colossal sums to be expended, the people should be told in order that they may approve or disapprove as they see fit. And inquiry as to the steps taken to reduce the fleet from a war to a peace footing might be pertinent.

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Considerations of military prudence suggest that our Navy possess a good margin, say thirty per cent, or even fifty per cent, of force over that of any Power with which we are at all likely to become embroiled. Thus will be fixed the required number of our battleships, the datum upon which all else is based. The experience of the late war will then prescribe the appropriate number in each other class of vessels. All of these should be of the latest and best designs. Saving a few good craft retained as a reserve, we should ruthlessly "scrap" those which, in type or capability, are not fit to serve effectively. Sell them, if we can, for any price or use them as targets. Better even to tow them out to sea and sink them than to keep them as now at navy yards in semi-commission, their skeleton crews a heavy drain on the battle fleet so dreadfully short of men; their repairs and upkeep a serious charge upon the Navy's budget. Their elimination would dispense with the services of a large number of temporary officers who are anxious to return to civil life. If all this cannot be done under existing laws, it is incumbent on the people to see that new laws are enacted without delay. Every day's procrastination in this respect consumes good money in large amounts.

The argument is advanced that we must have a big navy to protect the large mercantile marine we mean to have. The popular cry, "Trade follows the flag", is historically false. The very opposite is true, "The flag follows trade". For instance, the commerce of the Spice Islands and of the South Seas was opened up by the adventurous shippers and skippers of good old Salem with never a thought of requiring a skirmish line of men-of-war. So it was and so it always will be. Before the Germans set out on their predatory expedition to conquer the globe, they possessed the second largest merchant navy afloat. Energy, forethought, audacity they exercised, and vast sums of money they spent, but they did not have to call upon their fleet to force an entrance into any harbor of the world. It is to be feared that the cry for a huge navy for the ostensible purpose of backing up our merchant vessels comes from persons wholly ignorant of or designedly blind to the teachings of history. Here again we have put the shoe upon the wrong foot. The Navy can do very little for the merchant

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marine, but the latter can do much for the Navy as a nursery of seamen and reserve officers. The Navy therefore is benefited by the growth of our shipping and not our shipping by the growth of the Navy. How few there be who grasp this fundamental truth!

II

An adequate navy we do need—but above all a navy complete in all its parts and keyed up to the very highest pitch of proficiency. Such a navy is well worth all the time, talent and money spent upon it and none of these items should be diverted from the sole object for which our Navy was created, to serve effectively in time of war. It is not an eleemosynary institution; it is not a school save in those matters which it alone teaches for its own purpose. Its most precious attribute is *esprit de corps*, that indefinable yet vital spark which many persons, with or without reason, fear has been seriously affected. This compelling motive is based upon an intense patriotism, upon a devotion to America's welfare, good name and noble traditions. When this spirit flames at its best, no sacrifice is too great; life itself is as nothing. That this is so, our naval annals prove beyond peradventure. There is no clime, there is no sea in which our Navy has not exhibited this splendid patriotism, yet, there are those who contend that, for naval officers, loyalty can only be demonstrated by unquestioning acceptance of the views of some individual temporarily holding the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy, even when they know these views to be detrimental to the "good of the service". A loftier appreciation of the latter phrase would seem to impose a readiness to surrender "soft billets" rather than retain them at the cost of their holders' self-respect, of the respect of their colleagues, and of harm to the Navy. The word loyalty is freely used as due from the subordinate to his superior, but rarely, if ever, in its converse sense. Yet loyalty is twofold in nature and it entails upon the senior a jealous regard for the welfare of his juniors. Even a President or a Secretary of the Navy who fails to realize the mutuality of this obligation cannot justly complain if he receives only that meagre measure of loyalty which he himself doles out. By pleasant appointments to indi-

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viduals he may gain a personal subjection based on the sense of indebtedness, but the hearty loyalty of the whole Navy can only be purchased by unremitting attention to its necessities and a kindly consideration of its aspirations.

The present incumbent has been quite rightly the active champion of the interests of the enlisted man, but those of the officer do not seem to have bulked so largely in his vision; yet the one class is no less indispensable than the other to an efficient navy.

There are few larger businesses in our country than this arm of the national defence and none so varied in its activities. In it every branch of art and science finds a place. It employs men by the hundred thousand and it dispenses sums counted in hundreds of millions of dollars. No naval officer is competent to direct its operations, and the Navy itself, I am assured, does not want one in that position even if a competent individual could be found in its ranks. It rests in the end with the people to declare to what kind of a person shall this heavy responsibility be entrusted. As long as they remain mute on the subject, the existing system of selection will prevail, a reward for partisan services. One might think they would prefer at the head of this colossal business a man such as the great corporations insist upon having for manager at any price, no matter how great. The salary is far too small to command the talent, but the honor of a cabinet appointment and the satisfaction derived from putting the Navy on a sound, efficient and economical basis might well prove a compensation. Upon this subject the owners of the Navy should speak out in no uncertain voice.

It has long been the practice by naval powers to keep their battleships together, for in union there is strength. Recently we have departed from this strategical maxim and have divided our heavy vessels and their auxiliaries into an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet. The reasons for this action are unknown to the writer who is therefore not in a position to criticise. They may be due to an unrevealed international policy or to politics pure and simple, the desire to secure support for the Administration among the citizens of the West Coast through a generous largess of public funds. Let us hope and believe the latter not to be the case even when fearful that a strategical error may have been committed.

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In the first place this move gives the lie to the arguments upon which the plea for a Panama Canal was based. It was then urged that by joining the waters of the two oceans the necessity of two separate fleets would disappear—that one would amply serve for either or both coasts. It is a serious matter thus to demonstrate the unwisdom of heeding this plea. To be sure, we got the Canal, one had almost said under false pretences, since we now have it and also the second fleet which its construction was to render needless. Why not inquire into the reason why the arguments of the proponents of the Canal have been thus discredited? A good one must exist. Why not know it?

In the second place there follows, as night follows day, the demand for more dockyards on the Pacific. It is self evident that proper facilities should be provided at San Francisco since the approaches to Mare Island are too shallow for heavy vessels, but does anyone suppose for a moment that, when the new navy yard on the lower bay is completed the old one at Mare Island will be abandoned? Already we hear rumors that it will be retained "for small vessels." We shall thus have two navy yards in one State and only thirty miles apart—a worse situation than that in New England where the Boston and Portsmouth yards are distant only forty miles from one another.

In the third place, this step has aroused suspicion and distrust in Japan which regards it as tantamount to a mobilization against an old friend and a present ally. That such a result was foreseen and accepted with all its latent possibilities of ill-feeling must be supposed unless we are to question the intelligence of its authors. Is not then this matter of two fleets one worthy of attention? If commendable, as it may indeed be, what objection is there to laying the motives before the people?

How to provide a trained personnel adequate in numbers to meet the demands of war is a subject well worthy of consideration by the Navy's owners. Besides the foresight and judgment required in a proper state of preparedness, experience teaches that many extra officers and men will then be called into service. During the last few eventful years our main battle fleet was largely turned into a school, a regrettable necessity which ought not to be allowed to recur. When next we embark upon hos-

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tilities, time for this purpose may be and doubtless will be lacking. We must then have at our immediate disposition a large body of reserve officers and enlisted men. As to the latter, the real solution of the problem is very simple. It lies in the adoption of Universal Military Training, a scheme which combines efficiency with economy. Of the lads called out under this system a certain proportion should be allotted to the Navy, to go on board our ships and there to be instructed, first, in the fundamentals of service such as cleanliness, care of the kit, order, obedience, respect for authority, reverence for the flag, the traditions of our national life and aspirations. After, or concurrently with, these matters should come the intense schooling of each man in the particular rôle he will have to fill later. Doubtless many boys would elect this branch of the nation's armed forces and, so far as practicable, such preferences should be favorably regarded. In this manner there would be returned each year to civil life a goodly quota of young men already fit for active service, bettered in every way, mental, moral and physical; all speaking English and thinking American.

Naturally the Navy's permanent personnel should be large enough to keep the first line ships ready and in good shape. It could, without expansion, easily provide teachers for these scholars. That done, it would only be necessary to summon back to the flag in time of need such "classes" as might be required. During the period of this instruction, the recruits should be clothed, fed and allowed a *very small* monthly sum for postage, etc., while portions of the regular crew could, in turn, be granted leave of absence, thus making room for the new-comers. The principle of Universal Military Service was lately accepted by our people with scarcely a murmur of dissent. It must be adhered to in future wars; there is no alternative. The plan suggested will furnish a cadre of seasoned man-of-war's men while the bulk of the work will fall to the lot of a citizen navy, which will be wholly in consonance with American traditions and effective at a cost far less than the maintenance of a large standing fleet. Can any reasonable objection be offered to its adoption?

To secure a body of reserve officers no better plan can be conceived than that associated with the name of the recent Assistant

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Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who proposes the institution of theoretical naval instruction for such of the undergraduates of our great universities as care to undertake it. Ancillary to this theory would be practical work afloat during a portion of each summer vacation. A rigid examination at the end of the four years' course and of the last summer's cruise would follow. The successful candidate would then receive a commission as ensign in the reserve and be placed on waiting orders without compensation but subject to call, when pay would automatically commence. Naturally, once in so often they should go on board ship for a short period to keep them *au courant* of their profession. This is but a brief outline of a most promising thought. If ever accepted as a national policy, the details can be easily supplied. Moreover, our merchant marine, as already pointed out, will prove most valuable in furnishing its quota of officers and men of the reserve.

While everyone knows that there are, in the government offices at Washington about three times as many clerks and type-writers as are really necessary, few persons outside the Navy appreciate their disastrous affect on the morale of the Navy afloat, for this superabundance leads inevitably to a vicious centralization of power. To keep these men, women and machines employed, a multitude of questions that can far better be solved by the officer on the spot are taken out of his hands and regulated at the Department. If he is incompetent, replace him ruthlessly but do not sap his initiative and ruin his sense of responsibility. The saving of public funds and the stoppage of a useless waste of paper, the supply of which is alarmingly short, would alone justify this reform even if it did not counteract so harmful an influence on the spirit of the service.

So far, greater economy has been the burden of our theme, but there is another side to the question, viz.: that real economy which derives from a wise liberality of expenditure. No cheese-paring policy is either contemplated or advocated in these lines, only a cutting down of waste, superfluous plants and unnecessary expenses. More money is needed by the Navy for research and experiment, for the testing of new devices and inventions, for aviation, for reserve supplies of ammunition, etc., etc., etc. If

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it does its duty to the taxpayer by thus saving huge sums, he ought, in return, to be liberal in supplying the means for its better and wiser development. In Great Britain, the lines along which this retrenchment on the one hand and this development on the other would be determined, would be by that most useful instrument, a "Royal Commission". Why should not the public, the owners of the Navy, demand the formation of a "People's Commission" of not more than five strong men, irrespective of party drawn from private life, and let it act in the nation's behalf as well as for the real good of the service? Congress can do nothing or at least very little in this way. It is hampered by logrolling, local political considerations and its lack of backbone before the labor unions. The recommendations of such a commission would bring to a Secretary of the Navy, in a reasoned expression of public opinion, that support, which, now absent, is sadly needed to sustain him in pushing any reforms he may desire to effect. Here is a definite proposition of constructive criticism. Are the owners of the Navy disposed to adopt it?

CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

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THE TARIFF AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY MARTIN T. BALDWIN

A TARIFF act is a verbal wood-pile, harboring many a dark ambiguity. The clearing of its obscurities is not only an interesting intellectual and legal problem, but is also at times a matter of great financial and industrial importance. A single phrase may mean millions,—as is illustrated by one rather recent case in the Supreme Court, where revenue to the amount of fifteen million dollars was found to depend upon the interpretation of one short phrase, whose meaning was presumably clear to the members of Congress, but was not quite so clear to the rest of the world.

An official of the Treasury Department, grown gray in the Customs service, tells the story of how he was once called into conference with an eminent committeeman of Congress, to lend a hand in the shaping of a tariff bill then under way. One of the bill's provisions over which they were working caught his attention. "Senator", he said, "the wording of this paragraph is likely to be misunderstood. I am afraid the courts will give it a meaning different from yours". To which the legislator replied, —"Well, never mind the courts. Congress is making this law and we know what it means. That ought to be enough." And so the paragraph was left as written, to the chagrin of the onlooker, who in due time saw the bill enacted into law, saw the supposedly unambiguous provision questioned by a doubting importer, and eventually saw a court of law give it an interpretation exactly the opposite of that really intended by its writer.

Now it is an accepted maxim of customs law that in interpreting a tariff act the sole aim of the court is to ascertain the true intent of Congress. And so the Senator, if he ever saw this ruling of the court upsetting his plan, and if by chance he still retained some residuum of interest in the subject, might have

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been tempted cynically to recall the "true intent" maxim, and to wonder what in the world was the trouble anyhow.

As a matter of fact, the trouble in all probability lay with the legislator himself rather than with the court,—not with the Senator as an individual, but with his legislative job and its inherent difficulties, as generally handled. In the first place, there is of course that fundamental difficulty common to all users of words, barring only the masters of literature, which makes it impossible at times for one to see his own ambiguities of diction, to avoid ellipses of thought or word, to realize the ignorance of others as to facts and purposes which he himself understands but which he may fail to explain,—in other words, to read himself as others read him.

Then there is the added difficulty, especially found in tariff writing, caused by the very scope and complexity of the subject itself, which make it impossible to see everything and to describe everything. A tariff act is supposed to make dutiable, or free, every known article of commerce, from the crudest to the most highly manufactured. Over six hundred numbered paragraphs, many of them long and complicated, running in their course all the way from acids to zaffer, testify to the gallant effort in our latest tariff act to cover the whole ground and so to vary the rates of duty as to satisfy everybody.

Yet ten times that number of paragraphs would not be enough to segregate all the wares of our markets,—witness the inventory of a modern department store. So even in a six-hundred-paragraph tariff bill, generalizations and abbreviations are in order, with inevitable ambiguity. Who can say, for example, when Congress enacts a provision for "bricks", whether or not the intention is to include every conceivable article that is known as a brick? How about so-called "scouring bricks", which are used, not for the building of houses or of fireplaces, but for the polishing of marble? When that question arose some years ago the customs officials insisted on collecting duty upon scouring bricks on a higher basis than that of mere bricks. But the importers, availing themselves of the usual machinery for the interpretation of Congressional English, demanded through the courts a return of the excessive duty, and it was only after a

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prolonged legal battle that the court of last resort finally held that a scouring brick was not a brick. Similar questions are common enough. Is ginger bread dutiable as "bread"? Does the term "pears" include alligator pears? Or, to use other historical examples, is a currycomb a "comb", a rubber sponge a "sponge", or is acetone oil an "oil"? Are phonograph needles dutiable as "needles", and if so, how about Cleopatra's needle? Nor are these questions at all frivolous. The life of a whole industry may perhaps depend upon the elucidation of one of these little ambiguities.

And how very difficult it is to get punctuation and grammar correct, so as to make everything plain! Even the lowly comma is hard to handle. The tariff act of 1913, under which the United States is now doing business, contains in the Metal Schedule a provision for the levy of duty upon "antimony oxide, salts, and compounds of". While the bill was pending in turn before the Ways and Means Committee, the Finance Committee, the two houses of Congress, and the Conference Committee, this particular provision was given five successive forms, no two alike, and each differing from the others in practically nothing but the arrangement of the commas. (Possibly careless proof-reading had something to do with that.) And when it was all finished, and enacted into law, what did it mean? Did it or did it not levy a duty on "antimony oxide", which is a well known article of commerce? The court held not, though with some hesitation. Did the punctuation permit it to cover salts of "antimony", or was it confined to salts of "antimony oxide"? Here again there was uncertainty, and not everyone is satisfied even now on that point. Yet the members of the Conference Committee, who had the last word in the arrangement of that provision, presumably saw no ambiguity whatever in its wording and felt sure they knew just what it meant; otherwise they would not have adopted it.

Trouble of another type frequently occurs. A series of articles is named, and then there follows a qualifying expression of some sort. For example, a duty is laid upon "penknives, pocket knives, erasers, manicure knives, and all knives which have folding blades". This brings up the question: Does the requisite

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of "folding blades" refer back to the erasers, so as to limit them to those having folding blades, or is the word "erasers" unlimited, and free to include rigid blade erasers? Or consider the provision for "opera and field glasses, optical instruments and frames and mountings for the same". Does the expression "mountings for the same" refer back to the opera glasses and field glasses, or is it confined to mountings for frames, or to mountings for optical instruments? As a matter of fact, it was finally held that in the opera glass paragraph the qualifying phrase related back to all that preceded it, while in the knife paragraph the effect of the analogous phrase was limited to its immediate antecedent. But it would be pretty hard for an outsider, not familiar with the history and surrounding circumstances of the enactments, to predict the court's solution in either case.

Another pitfall is found in the various provisions in which articles are named and classified according to the materials of which they are composed; the material is often named, but without any statement as to the quantity that must be present, —that is, as to whether or not the article must consist wholly, or in chief value, of that material, or whether the provision covers an article made only in minor part of that material. At times the administrating officer, or the judge, must needs be good at guessing. Of course the context and the previous history of the subject are of help, but results apparently quite inconsistent are sometimes reached, as is shown by the decisions holding that "cotton cloth" must be composed wholly of cotton, while "metal buttons" and "shoes made of leather" may contain substantial components other than the mere metal or leather.

Still another common source of misunderstanding in tariff acts is found in provisions such as the one contained in the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909, imposing a certain rate of duty on "cans, boxes, packages, and other containers of all kinds", when composed of metal. An importation was made of small metal banks, toys for children, and classification under that provision was claimed. They were unquestionably "containers". But were they the sort of containers referred to there by Congress? Eventually it was held they were not, since they were not intended for use in the shipment of merchandise, and so were not *ejusdem*

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generis with "cans, boxes, and packages", which ordinarily are so used. In the same way, the question has arisen whether a provision for "castings of iron which have been chiseled, drilled, machined, or otherwise advanced in condition" includes castings advanced in condition through a mere process of nickel plating; likewise whether a provision for "blacking, polishing powders, and all preparations for cleaning or polishing" was intended to cover a toilet powder used for polishing one's finger nails. In both these cases the answer was in the negative. Words, like men, are known by the company they keep. Until the character of their associates is known and considered their own status is hard to fix.

One of the chief difficulties which stands in the way of a clear expression by Congress of its intentions is the fact that bills are not prepared for enactment by the Congress, but by the Congressmen. Tariff schedules are long and complicated. The work is subdivided. The right hand of Congress does not always know what its left hand is doing. The subcommittee that prepares the wool schedule may not know, or care, much about the work on the silk schedule. As a result, the overlapping of provisions is very common, and one of the most frequent jobs of the judiciary is the unravelling of conflicting provisions, to determine which of the competing paragraphs shall prevail. Changes which in one place seem innocent and trivial have at times most important and unexpected results in parts of the act that seemed quite remote,—as for instance a recent change in the provision for upholstery goods, which, by merely lowering the permissible weight of such goods, reached out into another part of the tariff act and seized upon a great class of lace goods, thus depriving the Government of many thousands of dollars of revenue. If some one member of Congress, endowed with the knowledge of all, could inscribe the whole tariff bill at his leisure, we might then have a model of unity and consistency at least.

Yet mere coöperation or unification of effort, with all the care in the world to avoid verbal traps and hidden ambiguities, will not produce a fool-proof tariff act, unless due consideration be given to one other source of difficulty that is peculiarly important in the preparation of such bills. This lies in the fact that the builders

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of the tariff are dealing almost altogether with what may be called second-hand materials. Practically every adjective, every noun, every phrase, employed in the structure has been used already in some preceding tariff act, and has been construed and applied by the administrative officials or by the courts, sometimes with quite unexpected results. Moreover, its language, especially in the terms used for describing particular kinds of merchandise, is the language of merchants, of wholesale buyers and sellers, which has through years of trade acquired meanings not always intelligible to the layman. But the legislator is not at liberty to disregard this tariff and commercial history. He may not handle his words as new material, right out of the dictionary. He must investigate the origin and previous employment of all his verbal planks and beams, and make use of them accordingly.

For example, to use a rather homely illustration, if he wants a certain rate of duty to be levied upon women's hairpins, it will not do to provide simply for "pins" in general, upon the assumption that this word includes all sorts of pins. For research will disclose that in a former tariff act Congress at one time provided, not only for "pins", but also, in a separate paragraph at a separate rate of duty, for "hairpins". Which fact was held by the courts to amount to a legislative differentiation between hairpins and pins, so that a hairpin is no longer to be regarded as a form of pin at all, in tariff parlance, but is assigned to a class by itself. Thus, in a new tariff act, if hairpins are to receive any special consideration, they must be specially named, as before. Nor will recourse to the dictionaries or to the rules of logic be of any avail, for the Supreme Court of the United States has itself recognised this identical hairpin distinction.

In the same way, one must become familiar with, and reconciled to, the fact that various tariff acts have already by their differentiations and discriminations indicated that beaded necklaces are not jewelry, that paste is not glass, that porcelain is not earthenware, that ribbons are not trimmings, that banjo strings are not parts of musical instruments, and that various other things are not what they would naturally seem to be.

As with statutory definitions and distinctions, so also with

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judicial interpretations. When Congress makes use of words or phrases whose meaning has already been construed by the courts, there is a legal presumption—rather violent at times, it is true—that Congress is familiar with the court's interpretation, and so adopts it as its own, unless some means is taken to show a different understanding. One may not understand, offhand, why mackerel packed in ice is necessarily ineligible to classification as "fresh fish"; nor is it perfectly clear why fish roe may not be dutiable as "fish", especially in view of the fact that *pâté de foie gras* is considered a form of "poultry, prepared". But so it is, under the court decisions, and the words "fish" and "poultry" must therefore be used with discretion in framing a new act.

Nor is the shadow of the past cast only by the courts. It sometimes happens that for years the administrative officers of the Government will place upon the statute an interpretation which never passes through the test of litigation. It may be favorable to the importers, it may be adverse, it may be of doubtful correctness, but if this interpretation has crystallized through a long course of years it is entitled to recognition; it is presumptively accepted by Congress if the same statutory provision is reënacted, without change or explanation. Of course the departmental interpreter will not knowingly be permitted to amend the law, or to construe it in ways that are plainly illegal; but the field of legitimate ambiguity is wide, with plenty of room for honest difference of opinion. There is no guaranty that the established practice is right or just,—but it is established, and so is presumably valid.

Tariff laws, besides being producers of revenue, are regulators of commerce. Their language therefore is not that of literature, of the laboratory or the factory, but is rather the language of commerce, of the buyers and sellers of merchandise. This was decided nearly a hundred years ago by Justice Story, who observed that the legislature "did not suppose our merchants to be naturalists, or geologists or botanists", but "applied its attention to the description of articles, as they derived their appellations in our own markets". And so he held that an article known in trade as "bohea tea" was entitled to be classi-

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fied under the tariff provision for "bohea tea", even though it was in fact an inferior kind of tea, not strictly and scientifically entitled to be given that particular name.

Instances of this form of commercial limitation upon, or extension of, the common meanings of words are often encountered. A narrow textile fabric classified by the wholesale trade as a "featherstitch braid" becomes dutiable as a "braid", even though it is not braided at all, but is in fact made on a loom, rather than on a braiding-machine; skins of ponies become in the same way dutiable as "furs", and imitation pearls as "precious stones"; while the trade practice serves to exclude from the statutory provision for "machine tools" various tools that might, as a matter of common understanding, quite well be included. The situation has its analogy in the ordinary restaurant bill of fare, where fried flounder has to be ordered as "filet of sole" in spite of private misgivings. Nor can the guest make much headway in ordering a dinner unless he understands and follows the ancient customs of the restaurant business.

On the whole, the task of Congress in adjusting its words to its ideas in a tariff act is considerably more complicated than is commonly supposed. Problems of political economy, of international comity, of protection, of revenue, are by no means the sole cause of worry. It seems like a comparatively simple matter, once the economic problems are disposed of, to write down a list of the articles subject to importation, each with its appropriate rate of duty fixed in accord with the principles adopted. But there is good reason to believe that the latter undertaking is fully as worrisome and time-consuming for the average Congressman as is the more serious work of determining economic policies. At any rate, as the members swelter and struggle through the summer of 1921, as they very likely may, revising the tariff for the four or more years to come, they will be regarded most of all with sympathy by those who understand, not only the spectacular problems visible to the public, but also the humdrum difficulties involved in putting the real intent of Congress into plain and workable English.

MARTIN T. BALDWIN.

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WHAT THE PILGRIM FATHERS ACCOMPLISHED

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

A President of the United States, in laying the corner-stone of a monument at Provincetown in honor of the *Mayflower* Compact and its makers, talked throughout his speech about the Puritans, scarcely mentioning the Pilgrims, or Separatists. A very high judicial dignitary in England recently declared, in a semi-public utterance, that he had always supposed George Washington to have been a passenger with the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower!* Confusion of ideas, with scanty information as to facts, reigns in British periodicals and in the writings and addresses of men of prominence. These all show the need of clarity, discrimination and correct chronology.

On our side, amid the adulation and even transfiguration of these plain people of 1620, it is well to inquire who they were, and what they really accomplished. Called Separatists at first, they separated as much from the political and bigoted Puritanism of their day as from the Anglican Establishment and such Defenders of the Faith as Elizabeth and James I. In Massachusetts the Plymouth people, who for fifteen years had practiced self-government were, for over a generation, called "Brownists" and looked upon rather as poor relations by the more cultured and wealthy Puritans of the Bay Colony. St. Gaudens' statue of the Puritan deacon at Springfield, Massachusetts, is accepted and labeled "The Pilgrim". Yet it is hard, for the man of research or the critical scholar who loves truth, to recognise much similarity between the two types of men.

Nevertheless there were points of union. In theology and morals, they were spiritual kinsmen. Much the same ideas as to God and man dominated the various breeds of men called Scots, Huguenots, and those Walloons who first, with families, settled our Middle States. These all held to the discipline called "Cal-

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vinism"—a creed that did not breed either poverty, ignorance, or frivolity; but was the nurse of heroes and the mother of freedom, public schools, representative government and liberty safeguarded by law.

Neither Luther nor Calvin, however, reached the idea of religion apart from the magistrate, nor of self-governed, independent churches, each, like the primitive Christian congregations, a republic in itself.

We may hint at some of the Pilgrim achievements and contributions to civilization and human progress.

(1) They gave a model for true historiography. All the literature of the Pilgrims themselves, the records in the archives and the books of their era, as well as the writings and charges of their enemies—and which we of today are so proud that they made—tell a consistent story.

Barrows, Greenwood and Penry (the first Pilgrim Father, martyr of 1593) and the men of Scrooby, Leyden and Plymouth helped mightily to recover both fact and truth. In a large sense, they founded the modern school of history, which is based on critical research and the original documents. Their aim, as to method and spirit, was ever to inquire of the Founder of Christianity and of those who organized the first Christian churches. Their appeal was invariably to the authentic writings of the first and second centuries. For the mass of mediæval legend, the edicts of kings, or feudal lords, hierarchs, or the salaried parasites upon a system that grew up out of the original Roman autocracy derivative, the Holy Roman Empire, they cared not a jot. Both John Robinson and his pupil William Bradford set a new mark in the writings of church history.

(2) These Separatists broke the yoke of Norman feudalism. When the foreign conqueror laid his heavy hand on the Anglo-Saxon land, he compelled every bishop, and church officer to be his liege man and vassal. To him all church officers, being feudatories, must be personally loyal. So tremendously centralised has English government, for over a thousand years, been, in both church and state, that it is next to impossible for the average Englishman to understand the inner workings of fed-

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eral government; which is so clear to the Dutch and Swiss, and vastly easier for the more democratic Scottish and Welsh, to comprehend.

In England, Wyckliffe, with his doctrine of "dominion founded on grace", had attacked certain forms of this intense centralization and for his activities we all know his fate. Yet even the Bible in the vernacular, which his "poor preachers" and the Lollards used, was but a translation of a translation, and this from the Latin, which had so long misrepresented the Hellenic mind and Hebrew record. On the contrary, the Pilgrims used the Geneva version, which was based on the original Greek. They went further than Wyckliffe and put into form and life the model given in the New Testament. At a time when tithe—barns, castles, episcopal palaces, monasteries and nunneries, studded English soil, when a semi-political church inspector, called a bishop, could imprison or hang you, and when printing was a royal monopoly, like coinage, and both the Tudor and the Stuart dynasties were tending to absolutism, these Separatists virtually created a new state, while renewing an ancient form of spiritual government. They set the model for what we all enjoy today—a free church in a free state, which should be without interference from political rulers.

(3) They applied democracy to religion, or rather, they restored the form of Christianity as recorded in the primitive documents, when a "church" was in a house and consisted of a company of believers who chose their own officers. It borders on the ridiculous for writers, like Arber, to say that as a form of church order, that of the Pilgrims was "nowhere". Not only did the Scrooby and Leyden people live in peace and prosperity, but in 1921, the six thousand Congregational churches in the United States and as many more in the various English-speaking nations and in other countries, and in the mission centres throughout the world hold to the same fundamental law. Can any other body of religious people show a nobler record in education, literature, philanthropy, statesmanship, moral progress, or the production of men and women eminent in reform and leadership? Theirs, in Leyden and Plymouth, was government for the people, of the people and by the people, and the secret of three centuries of

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success lies in their intense vital trust in God which gave them so fruitful a faith in man.

(4) The Pilgrims showed how, under the bond and sanction of great ideas, a company of men of various nationalities, differing minds, social grades, and hereditary tastes and temperaments could hold and work together for the common good—"one for all and all for one". The real, initial, and efficient body of the colony was not on the *Mayflower*, with its very mixed company, bad characters and people of Anti-Separatist opinions, but in the organization at Leyden, on the *Speedwell*, and in the four later Pilgrim ships. Here were people of eight nationalities. Predominantly English, there were those also of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, Walloon, French, German and Danish birth or stock. For twelve years, they lived in unity, peace and brotherhood, as Bradford and his fellow writers and the magistrates of Leyden gladly acknowledged. Deemed a Utopia—even as the American commonwealth was later so judged to be—they made ideals a reality. The occasion of the immortal compact, made and signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, November 11, 1620 was, in the main, for protection against the "mutterings" of some in the motley company "shuffled in" on them from London, as Bradford records, by the financial backers of the colonization scheme. From their debts and servitude to this London financing corporation, and the persistent machinations of these non-sympathizers, the Pilgrims were not, for seven years, able to shake themselves free. In miniature, this union of heart and mind in Leyden was a prototype of the American commonwealth.

(5) In the face of great odds, the Pilgrims won success as heroes. The loss to them of the *Speedwell*, their expenditure, at Southampton, Dartmouth and Plymouth, before they sailed, of over $5000, through the delays and subterfuges of her half-hearted and perhaps scoundrelly captain, left the colonists marooned on a barren shore, where they had never expected to be. A score of previous attempts at colonization had failed, yet with faith, pluck and perseverance, the Separatists demonstrated that white men could live and prosper, even in so cold a climate and in so savage a wilderness. It is true that they were mightily helped and that their first notable economic advance was made

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by the Walloons and Dutch of Manhattan. These revealed to the Pilgrims the existence of shell money, or wampum, invented by the Iroquois, and hitherto unknown to the Algonquins. "Trucking", or trade, was thus powerfully stimulated. The Pilgrims made experiment of the communal system and abandoned it for individual ownership of land. At the end of seven years, they had paid their debts and were financially independent and prosperous.

It was this economic success that impressed Europe and set in motion the great Puritan emigration, which, in twenty years brought over as many thousand British folk, English and Welsh. Then the Old Colony was swallowed up in the mass of New Englanders and its story was virtually lost for a century and a half. It is mainly within living men's memories that the truth concerning the Pilgrims has swum into their ken.

(6) The demonstration of the possibility of a free church in a free State was so manifest, that the Puritans of New England wholly, and in England largely, became Separatists, or Free Churchmen. Their descendants have today, six thousand congregations, forty colleges, and vast wealth and prosperity, in the United States alone; while in England they are only second in church accommodation, character and resources, to those in the Establishment. The fish, furs, timber, drugs and grain, from beyond the Atlantic, when seen in England changed the minds of men in the British Isles. Even more convincing and persuading to the thoughtful was the picture of a self-governed church and State, without bishops and without kings—but with tolerance, even as had been seen in the Dutch republic, where "religion was free for all men". A new world of opinion and practice had dawned. It was but a few months after the Puritans had reached these shores, that, impressed by the object lesson before their eyes, they followed the Pilgrims, in changing their church government to the Congregational form. The frontier theory of history was thus illustrated.

(7) The Pilgrims achieved their goal without any real "break with the past", even though prelatical writers charge this against them and their followers in America, saying that our American culture is wholly unmixed and exclusively of English origin.

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In reality, ours is not an English nation, but rather a new Europe. The Separatists did break away from the insular notions, cruel customs, regal autocracy, ecclesiastical despotism, mediæval custom, ritual that had overlaid the primitive faith, and interpretations of Scripture, excess of symbols, the bigotry of men of their own name, and from the Anglicisms in the English Bible, that mar any true translation of the Hebrew and Greek inspired texts and which the islanders habitually imagined were of divine origin. Yet above all things, the eager and steadfast purpose of the Pilgrim thinkers, writers and men of affairs was not to break with the past, but rather to return to it, even to primitive truth and simplicity. They acted ever in obedience to the Divine word and in unswerving loyalty to their great Exampler.

The spirit of tolerance which the Pilgrims exhibited throughout their history, nursed and stimulated to greater breadth in the Dutch republic, is one of the wonders of history. Not only did they pass the point, which Luther and Calvin had reached and at which these Reformers stopped, but they pressed on. Robinson, their leader, the teaching member of their church, who grieved at the reactionary attitude of these leaders, urged his own people to look for more light to break out from the Divine Word. Ultra-conservatives of the Pilgrim tradition have in vain attempted to restrict the scope and application of Robinson's words to the one item of church polity or government. As a matter of fact, the Plymouth men developed, rather than limited, their pastor's urgent appeal. In Leyden, they had welcomed one and all adherents to, or members of any Reformed churches to their communion. In Plymouth, they were able to hold in their company Miles Standish, who was not a member of the church, and whose adhesion to the Roman Catholic tradition and discipline has never been disproved, and John Alden, who was, most probably, an Irishman. The Roger Williams whom the Pilgrims held in brotherhood, but whom the Puritans penalized and exiled, was not the old and wise Governor of later years, but a young Welshman of many notions, most of them not conforming to true Pilgrim ideal. There were no witchcraft persecutions in Plymouth. This was not because there were few possible victims of this cruel delusion in Plymouth, but mainly because in Holland, where the

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Pilgrims were trained, there had already been published and widely read the first scientific attacks against this superstition, so that the Plymouth people were free from its grip and bond. Moreover, tolerance had taught them charity, patience and justice.

It would be absurd to claim for the Pilgrims the same ideas of religious liberty, or even of broad tolerance that have ripened in the world during three centuries or more, since William of Orange in 1574 uttered the first clear voice of a modern ruler and said to his subordinate magistrates: "You have no right to interfere with the conscience of anyone, so long as he does not work a public scandal or an injury to his neighbor". Yet these Separatist Pilgrim Fathers were far superior in tolerance to the Puritans of the Bay Colony in Massachusetts—much as some of their descendants or admirers may vehemently deny this and represent to the contrary.

There was a subtle union of their ideas, fostered by close study of the first Christian documents with the example of the Founder, who said "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold". They knew also the original Greek of the record which says not, that there may be not one "fold", but that there may be "one flock, one shepherd".

It may be truly said that the people of the United States of America, dropping much of the Puritan and Puritanical dogmas and practices, have entered more fully into the ideals and ways of the Pilgrims. In making an image in their minds, the well-informed do not confuse St. Gaudens' Puritan deacon of Springfield with such men as Bradford or Brewster. A truer conception and artistic triumph in sculpture, by John Quincy Adams Ward, is seen in Central Park, which belongs to that wonderful agglomeration of nationalities called New York City. Here stands in imperishable bronze the figure of a young, stalwart man, as if in the fulness of life, with snaphance and bandoliers, clothes of the period, alert, patient, and in the affluence and balanced energies of complete manhood.

Why do people of all creeds, cultures and nationalities in America now admire and claim inheritances from these Separatists, the Pilgrim Fathers? Is it not because they see in their story the

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successful attempt to realize the hopes of ages, which have found fruition in the American federal system of states, so grandly united under the Constitution? The Pilgrim spirit has animated a nation and its example leavened all our national history.

In Europe, in 1920, six Episcopal bishops were in the American delegation celebrating the Pilgrim Tercentenary exercises—which were inaugurated by Queen Wilhelmina, beloved ruler of the land that never denied asylum to refugees for reasons of conscience or political opinions; and this in her own palace. In England, bishops, curates, and high officers of the realm sat at the banquets, offered prayer, or tendered congratulations.

In a word, the Pilgrims after three centuries have come to transfiguration, for they

> wrought with a sad sincerity

and "builded better than they knew".

William Elliot Griffis.

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RUSSIA FROM ITS BALTIC WINDOW

BY JOHN A. GADE

FEW tragedies equal that of the Russian nation today and no people is worthier of understanding and sympathy. After fighting for the Allied cause, they had left on the battlefield more dead than France, Great Britain and Germany together, and yet today Russia is no longer even mentioned as an Ally, its military effort is sneered at or reviled by those who should in justice feel for her the deepest gratitude.

Tens of thousands of Russian patriots, belonging to all classes, are wandering helplessly from one Scandinavian country to another or drifting through European capitals, if they still have sufficient funds to pay their boarding-house bills. They dare not return to their native country when only starvation or shooting would be their lot. For the last two years their position has been hopeless. But whither could they go? Every Minister, Commissioner and Consul to whom they had applied for a visa had answered, "No passports for Russian Emigrés". They were not wanted, these men and women without a country who had sold to the Jews their last reserves of linen and household effects. Thousands of the soldiers and officers would have been only too glad, in spite of typhus and scanty provisions, to join the ill-advised and ill-starred armies of Judenitch, Koltchak and Denikin. They would have fought for any forlorn hope which meant for them temporary bread and butter, clothes and shoes and the liberation of Russia. Scores of officers of the former Imperial Navy have begged me to get them into the new American Merchant Marine as able-bodied seamen, and intelligent, highly educated women have implored me to find them places as household servants in the United States, where they had heard that the domestic servant-question had become a difficult problem.

I often faced the tragedy of actual starvation where there had been abundance before the great war. Nor was it only those

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who had possessed the riches of this earth, but more often the widows and children of the endless former government officials who had lived upon their modest pensions, or others whose funds, owing to the devaluation of the rouble, had dwindled to nothing; many whose supporters had vanished among the slaughtered millions, anywhere between Omsk, the Black Sea, the Mazurian Lakes, and Archangel; and those who had to flee in the darkness from all they owned.

They have now given up hope of any assistance from the Allies, but they still believe, curiously enough, that rich America will ultimately, in some manner of her own, come to the rescue of their country. We are still keeping hundreds of thousands of children alive and we are still considered idealists as well as merchants. Rightly or wrongly, they do not think selfish gain so strong a motive with us as in European countries nearer to concessions and the markets of the former Russian Empire.

And those inside of Red Russia! There are about a hundred and fifty million Russians in Europe and only about six hundred and twenty thousand Communists. It is as if the city of Buffalo owned all the weapons and ammunition, controlled tribunals, directed every plant and industry, ruled the army and navy and ordered the policies of the entire United States.

But why do the people submit? Why do they not rebel and throw off the tyrannous yoke of so small a minority?

First of all, because of the utter lack of coöperation and homogeneity between the various cities, provinces and states of this enormous country, where eighty different tongues are spoken and the ruling policy has been to sharpen racial differences and stimulate old animosities instead of seeking to weld together into one great national fabric the many races dwelling in Russia.

Furthermore, the entire machinery of government—post, telegraph, press and railroads—was early seized by the few, and it is now too late to get them back. Independent thought cannot travel where physical motion is allowed only to the highly favored and richly bribing servants of the Soviet Government. The intelligenzia and bourgeoisie are now as incapable of action as a patient recovering consciousness from the operating table. The peasants, some hundred and thirty-five million of them, live

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so independently and isolated, scattered throughout the vast plains and boundless forests, that they have no knowledge of or interest in the doings of the great industrial centres. They bother their heads little about the endless ordinances.

To a certain extent the peasants are better off than they were before. They certainly have many more comforts and they are not starving as are the city folk. The improvement in their lot they do not owe to the Bolsheviki, but to the Revolution which preceded and resulted in the all-Russian constituent Assembly. This, and not the Soviet Government, declared: "The use of all land, mines, forests and waters is free to all citizens of the Russian republic regardless of nationality or Creed." The "Red Robbers" system, by which the Soviet Government redistributed the land, allowed the most powerful to seize the lion's share. Of course they have changed their modes of living. They grow no more flax, wheat or vegetables than what is needed for their own wants, and of that, they bury in the safest place all but the smallest quantity. Prowling and requisitioning Commissars and Government agents have until now forced them at the point of the bayonet to give up all the surplus they could find. All their horses and cows have been taken except a single one. It was obedience or the bullet.

The peasants have either themselves seized the land of their old masters or landlords, or had it doled out to them by the Government, which has retained some four per cent for Communist uses. In either case, they are very uneasy as to their title, and, valuing land above all else, are most anxious to hand it on to their children.

The Government has not yet felt sufficiently strong to tell them outright that it is not theirs to have and to hold, as all land has been nationalized and belongs to the Government. They loathe service in the Red armies, fighting where they have no grudge and in regiments filled with political agents, the very Commander subject to the orders of the Commissar accompanying every regiment. The political education back of the lines bored them to death. I have read many of their letters taken out of captured mails, and it was always the same story.

They could feel the necessity of fighting against the White

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armies when they were told that these would, if victorious, merely bring back the old, reactionary days. They would also gladly fight against the old arch enemy, Poland.

The Red armies, which I saw in the field, consisted principally of peasant lads, docile, filthy, kindly and patient when captured. Once behind their opponent's fighting line, they needed no guards, for they were only too grateful to escape from bullets, and most of all from their taskmasters. Many from the cities had joined to get better pay and the largest rationing of food and clothes. Scores of them made my halls and staircases malodorous and lousy, but they were glad to shovel snow and saw wood all day long for a dinner and a whiff of tobacco. If nothing else could be found, they were quite willing, as soon as the Communists had been weeded out and disposed of, to join the regiments fighting against their former units. Judenitch's army numbered, when half way towards Petrograd, as many who had been Bolshevik soldiers a few weeks before, as "White" soldiers of its own. No arm of defense was needed when among them, as there was no danger of treachery or violence.

They were miserable fighters, but how could they be otherwise? Their officers, most of them of Imperial regiments, had been forced to assume commands or to starve to death themselves and leave their families to persecution. No one deserves more pity than these gallant gentlemen! Brusiloff's name was extensively employed in Bolshevik despatches and the wireless reports of the "Rosta", as the Commander-in-Chief operating against Poland. This was only propaganda. Brusiloff, instead of planning attacks and covering retreats, was in reality practically a prisoner in his own house, with a trusted Communist guard in front of his doorstep and another, equally trusted, to accompany him with loaded rifle whenever he might ask permission to leave his "headquarters".

Up to the offensive against Warsaw, practically every Bolshevik victory has either been due to the very perfect propaganda carried on back of it, and within the enemy's lines, or to the military inefficiency and maladministration of the conquered territory on the part of the forces contending against the Reds.

Judenitch's defeat was due, among other causes, to the folly of

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undertaking alone the Petrograd attack when it had been planned as a link in the common campaign of Finnish, Esthonian, Russian and Latvian forces. British naval guns being unable from insufficient numbers and ammunition to demolish those of Krasnaia Gorka, the left flank was left exposed and when no Latvian army advanced, the right flank was equally unprotected. Fear and idle talk had estranged Esthonian sympathies. Entire lack of properly organized commissariat and lines of communications left the army unfed while crossing a friendly but starving territory. All lack of staff work added to the dilemma. Patriotism alone could not win victory even when within sight of the cupolas of Petrograd.

Thus another great Bolshevik victory was celebrated by the Communist leaders, who in the last days had led out solid Communist regiments, daring to depend on no other troops, when the enemy was so near the walls of the Capital.

The hour has passed when the Soviet Government can be overthrown by a small unit of well-officered, West European or American soldiers, adequately provided with arms, ammunition and supplies. Such an attack, easy a year ago, would now be as stupid from a political as from a military point of view, even if Western statesmen dared whisper it in their Cabinets.

Those of us who believe Bolshevism to be a world peril must fight it with other than military means.

American ignorance as to the true state of affairs inside of Red Russia is to a certain extent due to the fact that the truth has seldom been told by those who have been allowed to see and hear for themselves.

Our Departments of State and Justice and Office of Military Intelligence have been excellently informed at all times, but can act neither as lecturing bureaus nor journalists. Such information as the Soviet Government sends abroad is either visionary or false. The details furnished by escaped prisoners or released foreigners are pretty certainly colored or prejudiced. The Reverend Mr. North's accounts, as a rare instance, have been tempered and accurate. They coincided with all other reliable evidence. Unfortunately the great majority of such newspaper correspondents as have been admitted to Soviet Russia during the last half year have had their records carefully investigated before-

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hand by competent Bolshevik authorities, who have felt sure that under the guidance assigned them these reporters would send out nothing detrimental to the Bolshevik cause.

Their lodgings in Moscow have been guarded, and every step they have taken. They have lived together in specially designed lodgings and much of what they have seen and heard has been carefully staged for their particular benefit. They have readily been furnished with proper answers to their questions. Every one of their telegrams, prior to being sent out by the wireless, is carefully censored by the press-bureau or one of Tchicherin's own secretaries. One excellent correspondent after the other, Fleurot, of *The New York World*, Duranty, of *The New York Times*, McKenzie, of a London paper, were all refused admittance. One of our well-known American journalists who telegraphed many a rosy account of the conditions he found in Soviet Russia, called at my office in Riga before leaving the country. I had received, several times a week, reports quite at variance with the telegrams he had been sending his paper, all of which had also passed through my hands. I questioned him both as to his impressions in general as well as to the accuracy of what he had sent out for "home consumption".

"Well, I should have been thrown out had I wired anything else", he replied, "and then, too, I want to go back."

Very few have come out of Russia recently who have had opportunities to judge men and events, who have been allowed to see the entire horizon and thus been capable of drawing unbiased conclusions.

The true state of affairs is so pathetic in its utter failure and so terrible in its results to innocent millions that it would scarcely be believed were it to be laid bare in its awful reality. There is no freedom of press, speech nor action.

The attribution of starvation to the blockade has been a potent political weapon in the hands of the Soviet leaders. Esthonia was the first to conclude peace and commence trading with the Bolsheviks, and this first break "in the iron ring encircling suffering Russia" was used by its Government for propaganda purposes. Sweden, Denmark and Norway are now following suit, and lastly American merchants, under certain con-

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ditions carefully laid down by the State Department. English and Soviet representatives are at work on the same subject.

As a fact, it matters but little, from a business point of view, whether the blockade is at present raised or not. It has for a long time amounted to little or nothing; arms and ammunition and "materials susceptible of immediate use for war purposes" are about all that have been barred importation into Russia by the British destroyers guarding the free channels in the Baltic and elsewhere. The Allies have recently laid no hindrance in the way of other countries that were anxious to get Russian gold for their exports.

Esthonia has sent many a small consignment, Denmark has supplied seeds, Sweden, agricultural machinery and tools and Norway has sent fish. What *does* matter enormously is whether locomotives or rolling stock or separate parts come under the classification of "materials susceptible of immediate use for war purposes", whether they will be used for such purposes either by the Soviet Government itself or, for instance, by Esthonia, who is begging for American engines although she has all she herself needs from the booty turned over to her by Judenitch's army, and who is more than willing to pay any price for them in Russian gold roubles.

As long as the present Russian Government has neither been recognized *de jure* or *de facto* it has no right to dispose of gold borrowed by the late Imperial Russian Government, and principally from France since the year 1888. There is no question, if any of it is to be paid out, but that it belongs to Russia's creditors and to no one else. Russia has no other means of payment. There are no large stocks of wheat, flax, hides, or platinum. The Russians themselves are in terrible need of such raw stuffs as there are, and would never permit their export; and, finally, had they more than enough for themselves, all transportation is so utterly paralysed that there is no way of getting them out of the country. Trading has, in other words, been made impossible. For its resumption foreign capital, native brains and tersely directed, experienced native labor are all required in Russia. The first is under the present Government unimaginable, the last two have been incapacitated or destroyed. Neither Americans nor any other foreigners except Germans could successfully run Russian

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industries, for they understand too little of the Russian character and their manner of doing business. All business is based upon credit and confidence. These would be impossible in dealing with the only merchant left in Russia, namely the Government. The only agreement now acceptable to outside merchants would be on the basis of "cash or raw stuffs down", and the Soviet Government, well aware of its business reputation, sees the necessity of offering these terms. Her able trade commissioners have been instructed to spare no effort to offer every inducement that Russia may obtain what she so sorely needs from America first of all, and then from England. If America will not sell, England must be employed as middleman, whatever commissions are demanded. Gold must be offered if raw stuffs are not believed to exist, and the bugbear of Germany capturing orders and markets must constantly be held up to the Allied and American Governments and merchants.

Of course Krassin's real errand to England, though *soi-disant* trade, was in reality to secure the establishment of commercial relations on such a footing that it would imply a recognition of the Soviet Government. In dealing with Lloyd George, Krassin knew what strong weapons he held. To meet this very situation and if possible force England to agreement, the Soviet Government, and particularly Lenin, aided by Radek, had, during the last six months, directed all their energies towards the development of the Moscow school for Eastern propaganda. It has become a great university where hundreds of able Orientals are taught the best methods of fomenting rebellion and sowing the seeds of Bolshevism throughout Britain's Asiatic possessions. The great Turkish leaders were there, those influential in the Caucasus as well as scores of those most likely to succeed in Persia, Afghanistan, Palestine, Thibet, India and China. Millions of roubles have been spent in printing proclamations in the various Asiatic tongues and the work has been done so skilfully and thoroughly and sedition spread so fast that Krassin, when he started for London, felt that for once Great Britain might successfully be threatened. A test case was made by one of the Powers, to see if it were not possible to ship out to a Baltic port 5000 tons of wheat rotting in its warehouse. It proved a failure.

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Nothing arrived after eight weeks of desperate effort on the part of the Commissioner of Transportation.

There are at present two groups of leaders in Soviet Russia. Krassin is an excellent representative of the one, and both realize clearly that under present economical conditions Russia cannot stagger long without outside help. The labor armies from which so much had been hoped have proved a failure. Even such an utter abandonment of communistic principles as the reintroduction of directorate management in the factories and skilled supervision by expert bourgeois had not met with success, for directors were lacking, and technically trained managers were also few and far between. Neither threats of punishment nor promises of gain had availed to bring back skilled laborers to the industrial plants or retain those already there. Outside help must be obtained. First of all, willing German managers. If not, down would go the many new officials and the class enriched by Bolshevik plunder. For them, as for Krassin, the only salvation seems foreign capital and the abhorred capitalistic methods. This must not be openly stated, but it can be brought about by offering such concessions to foreign capital that the large foreign syndical interests will force their Governments to yield. The Soviet leaders in question are willing to sell Russia to save their own jobs, pocketbooks and future. Most of them, after the first hey-day of plunder, did not betimes send sufficient sums abroad to keep the wolf later from the door. Theirs is not the faith of Lenin or Trotzky; they have been trained in too sensible and practical a school, and they see that from all economic standpoints—volume of production, rate of employment, prices and profits and losses—nationalization has failed. The laborer has as thoroughly become a government serf as were the former peasants under the landlords of the eighteenth century.

The country that can today adhere to its standard of morality and refrain from business dealings with the Soviet Government will ultimately find that Russian merchants will turn to it in the future, as to no others, with confidence and rich opportunities. All others will be repudiated.

Krassin is a far abler man than Litvinoff who began negotia-

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tions with the British commercial representative in Copenhagen.

I have been told that Litvinoff, shortly after negotiations had been opened, said to a British representative that in case England did not see her way clear to a conciliatory trade-policy, he, Litvinoff, was afraid that public opinion in Moscow might become so inflamed that the Government could not answer for the lives of such British officers as were still imprisoned in Russia. The Englishman drew himself up and replied that any British officer would be glad to die rather than have his country threatened. Commissar of Trade and Communications, Krassin, would never have been guilty of such a *faux-pas*, though his record, like that of most of the Soviet leaders, is a very unsavory one. After being jailed in Finland, he was released through pressure from extremely influential German sources. He went to Germany, received there an excellent technical training and then entered the employ of the great Siemens-Schuckert Electrical Combine. From there he was sent to Petrograd as its branch manager and one of the German Government's secret agents. His marked abilities were soon apparent and he was instrumental in the combination of the two large metallurgical companies and deep in the Russian-Asiatic Bank tangle. Germany, determining to break Russia and the eastern front by the development and spread of Bolshevism, Krassin became a more than useful servant in his dealings with the leading Communist agitators then busily sowing the seed that was to convulse Russia. Many an agent went back and forth to Copenhagen for German money, propaganda and advice, receiving his last instructions from Krassin, before leaving Petrograd.

Since writing the foregoing, events have moved fast in Russia. Crushing Polish victories practically annihilated the Bolshevik Western armies, the Poles have seized Lithuanian portions of Suwalki and the Grodno-Vilna railroad with its city and territory, recognized by Soviet Russia in its peace treaty as belonging to Lithuania, Latvia has signed peace with Soviet Russia, the *Cordon Sanitaire* has once more been reëstablished along Soviet Russia's Western frontiers, and the Ukraine has nibbled

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off bit after bit of Soviet territory. Wrangel has been defeated. The peace of Rega has been signed.

We see from the last reports of the Supreme Council of National Economy that instead of 400 million poods[1] of grain, which it considers indispensable for the winter's supply, only 30 million poods had been received by September and only 15 million more might be expected.

The terms of the Peace of Riga indicate how complete was the Polish victory. They may almost be classed with those the Bolshevik leaders were forced to sign at Brest-Litovsk, and are, from the victor's side, unquestionably ill-advised.

Soviet Russia has been driven to abandon the endless trickery and chicanery it has practised in dragging out negotiations for the repatriation of the French and English subjects held in Russian prisons. They have been liberated, and the brave, starved victims returned to their native countries. Reports of mutinies and riots in Moscow and Petrograd become more frequent, the peasants are constantly taking matters more and more into their own hands, and we see independent Communal Government arising, while such power as the centralised Government had is on the wane.

The reports of foreign contracts successfully made by trade Commissars having proved false, there is no longer any basis for new contracts with European and American business men. Our own Government authorities have spiked little Esthonia's guns by stopping the delivery of the American locomotives purchased in France which would either directly, or by the release of others, have passed from Reval over Narva and Jamburg eastward. Even German eyes have been opened. The best evidence of this comes from the Deutsch-Ost-Europaeischer Wirtschaftsverbund, the powerful German society which aims at developing Russo-German commercial relations, and is of particular importance through its connection with most of the German exporters of machinery, upon which the Bolshevik Commissioners abroad placed such great hopes. In the secret report of its meeting, held at Elberfeldt, June 26th (at that time, the Bolsheviks were rapidly approaching Warsaw, Kopp

[1] 1 pood = 36 pounds.

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was riding a high horse in Berlin, and Simon's appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs also warranted Bolshevist optimism) Rode, the President of the "German East-European", laid clearly and emphatically before his hearers "the utter hopelessness of entering into any business relations whatever with the Russian Government, owing not only to its lack of materials, but its deceit and failure to fulfill promises". Meyer, the Executive Secretary, stated: "I do not think that in the near future it will be possible for private individuals to engage in the exchange of goods with Russia."

Even the greediest and those readiest to exploit Russia have, in other words, been disillusioned during the last months as to what might be grabbed or procured, now or for the future, at the expense of a ruined nation.

The recent disclosures as to the amount of paper issued by Russia stagger belief. The figures are astronomical. Up to January 1st, 1920, a grand total of 222,500,000,000 roubles had been issued in paper money by Russia, and during the first three months of the year this was followed by 115 billion more, or at the rate of more than a billion roubles a day. Gukowski's cynic avowal sums up the situation: "No revenue can cover our expenditures—only one thing remains to be done—to issue paper money, ad infinitum".

Tchicherin, in his answer to the note of the American Secretary of State, which outlined our Russian policy, carefully evades all the points at issue. It was intended to befog and deceive the poor proletariat.

Take any random statement in this reply, as for instance: "Mr. Colby wishes that there should be in Russia a bourgeois or capitalistic Government which would permit itself to be exploited by American financial groups. The policy of Soviet Russia is a policy of complete abolition of exploitation of the workers by the former owners of the means of production."

It is the present Russian Government which has opened the way for limitless exploitation. It has repeatedly offered and given concessions, first to the Hannevig group, then to Esthonia and Latvia in their peace treaties, then to British banking syndicates. Railroad concessions have been indirectly offered

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to the United States which might have sold Russia, lock, stock and barrel, had we not had the decency and self-respect to hold aloof.

The agents of the Bolshevik Government have recently made even clearer to foreign politicians that it is not commercial relations which the Soviet Government is seeking for the relief of the suffering people, but the political recognition which follows the establishment of trade relations. Bertrand Russell hit the nail on the head in the account he gave of his interview with Lenin: "I felt", said Russell, "that he regarded the resumption of trade with capitalistic countries as a mere palliation of doubtful value".

JOHN A. GADE.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN—II

BY MAY SINCLAIR

VI

She was crouching on the floor beside her father, her arm thrown across his knee. Her mother had left them there.

"Papa—Do you know?"

"Your mother told me. . . . You've done the right thing."

"You don't think I've been cruel? He said I didn't think of him."

"Oh no, you couldn't do anything else."

She couldn't. She couldn't. It was no use thinking about him. Yet night after night, for weeks and months she thought, and cried herself to sleep.

By day she suffered from Lizzie's sharp eyes and Sarah's brooding pity and Connie Pennefather's callous married stare. Only with her father and mother she had peace.

Towards spring Harriett showed signs of depression and they took her to the south of France and to Bordighera and Rome. In Rome she recovered. Rome was one of those places you ought to see; she had always been anxious to do the right thing. In the little pension in the Via Babuino she had a sense of her own importance and the importance of her father and mother. They were Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Frean, and Miss Harriett Frean, seeing Rome.

After their return in the summer he began to write his book, *The Social Order*. There were things that had to be said; it did not much matter who said them provided they were said plainly. He dreamed of a new Social State, society governing itself without representatives. For a long time they lived on the interest and excitement of the book, and when it came out Harriett pasted all his reviews very neatly into an album. He had the air of

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not taking them quite seriously; but he subscribed to *The Spectator*, and sometimes an article appeared there which was understood to have been written by Hilton Frean.

And they went abroad again every year. They went to Florence and came home and read *Romola* and Mrs. Browning and Dante and *The Spectator;* they went to Assisi and read the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis;* they went to Venice and read Ruskin and *The Spectator;* they went to Rome again and read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Harriett said, "We should have enjoyed Rome more if we had read Gibbon," and her mother replied that they would not have enjoyed Gibbon so much if they had not seen Rome. Harriett did not really enjoy him; but she enjoyed the sound of her own voice reading out the great sentences and the rolling Latin names.

She had brought back photographs of the Colosseum and the Forum and of Botticelli's *Spring*, and a della Robbia Madonna in a shrine of fruit and flowers, and hung them in the drawing-room. And when she saw the blue egg in its gilt frame standing on the marble-topped table she wondered how she had ever loved it, and wished it were not there. It had been one of Mamma's wedding presents. Mrs. Hancock had given it to her; but Mr. Hancock must have bought it.

Harriett's face had taken on again its arrogant lift. She esteemed herself justly. She knew she was superior to the Hancocks and the Pennefathers and to Lizzie Pierce and Sarah Barmby; even to Priscilla. When she thought of Robin and how she had given him up she felt a thrill of pleasure in her beautiful behaviour, and a thrill of pride in remembering that he had loved her more than Priscilla. Her mind refused to think of Robin married.

Two, three, five years passed, with a perceptible acceleration, and Harriett was now thirty.

She had not seen them since the wedding-day. Robin had gone back to his own town; he was cashier in a big bank there. For four years Prissie's letters came regularly every month or so, then ceased abruptly.

Then Robin wrote and told her of Prissie's illness. A mysteri-

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ous paralysis. It had begun with fits of giddiness in the street; Prissie would turn round and round on the pavement; then falling fits; and now both legs were paralysed, but Robin thought she was gradually recovering the use of her hands.

Harriett did not cry. The shock of it stopped her tears. She tried to see it and couldn't. Poor little Prissie. How terrible. She kept on saying to herself she couldn't bear to think of Prissie paralysed. Poor little Prissie.

And poor Robin—

Paralysis. She saw the paralysis coming between them, separating them, and inside her the secret pain was soothed. She need not think of Robin married any more.

She was going to stay with them. Robin had written the letter. He said Prissie wanted her. When she met him on the platform she had a little shock at seeing him changed. Changed. His face was fuller, and a dark moustache hid the sensitive, uneven, pulsing lip. His mouth was dragged down further at the corners. But he was the same Robin. In the cab, going to the house, he sat silent, breathing hard; she felt the tremor of his consciousness and knew that he still loved her; more than he loved Priscilla. Poor little Prissie. How terrible.

Priscilla sat by the fireplace in a wheel chair. She became agitated when she saw Harriett; her arms shook as she lifted them for the embrace.

"Hatty—you've hardly changed a bit." Her voice shook.

Poor little Prissie. She was thin, thinner than ever, and stiff as if she had withered. Her face was sallow and dry and the lustre had gone from her black hair. Her wide mouth twitched and wavered, wavered and twitched. Though it was warm summer she sat by a blazing fire with the windows behind her shut.

Through dinner Harriett and Robin were silent and constrained. She tried not to see Prissie shaking and jerking and spilling soup down the front of her gown. Robin's face was smooth and blank; he pretended to be absorbed in his food, so as not to look at Prissie. It was as if Prissie's old restlessness had grown into that ceaseless jerking and twitching. And her eyes fastened on Robin; they clung to him and wouldn't let him

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go. She kept on asking him to do things for her. "Robin, you might get me my shawl"; and Robin would go and get the shawl and put it round her. Whenever he did anything for her Prissie's face would settle down into a quivering, deep content.

At nine o'clock he lifted her out of her wheel chair. Harriett saw his stoop, and the taut, braced power of his back as he lifted; Prissie lay in his arms with rigid limbs hanging from loose attachments, inert, like a doll. As he carried her upstairs to bed her face had a queer, exalted look of pleasure and of triumph.

Harriett and Robin sat alone together in his study.

"How long is it since we've seen each other?"

"Five years, Robin."

"It isn't. It can't be."

"It is."

"I suppose it is. But I can't believe it. I can't believe I'm married. I can't believe Prissie's ill. It doesn't seem real with you sitting there."

"Nothing's changed, Robin, except that you're more serious."

"Nothing's changed, except that I'm more serious than ever. . . . Do you still do the same things? Do you still sit in the curly chair, holding your work up to your chin with your little pointed hands like a squirrel? Do you still see the same people?"

"I don't make new friends, Robin."

He seemed to settle down after that, smiling at his own thoughts, appeased . . .

Lying in her bed in the spare room, Harriett heard the opening and shutting of Robin's door. She still thought of Prissie's paralysis as separating them, still felt inside her a secret, unacknowledged satisfaction. Poor little Prissie. How terrible. Her pity for Priscilla went through and through her in wave after wave. Her pity was sad and beautiful and at the same time it appeased her pain.

In the morning Priscilla told her about her illness. The doctors didn't understand it. She ought to have had a stroke and she hadn't had one. There was no reason why she shouldn't walk except that she couldn't. It seemed to give her pleasure to go over it, from her first turning round and round in the

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street (with helpless shaking laughter at the queerness of it), to the moment when Robin bought her the wheel chair. . . . Robin . . . Robin. . . . "I minded most because of Robin. It's such an *awful* illness, Hatty. I can't move when I'm in bed. Robin has to get up and turn me a dozen times in one night. . . . Robin's a perfect saint. He does everything for me." Prissie's voice and her face softened and thickened with voluptuous content.

" . . . Do you know, Hatty, I had a little baby. It died the day it was born. . . . Perhaps some day I shall have another."

Harriett was aware of a sudden tightening of her heart, of a creeping depression that weighed on her brain and worried it. She thought this was her pity for Priscilla.

Her third night. All evening Robin had been moody and morose. He would hardly speak to either Harriett or Priscilla. When Priscilla asked him to do anything for her he got up heavily, pulling himself together with a sigh, with a look of weary, irritated patience.

Prissie wheeled herself out of the study into the drawing-room, beckoning Harriett to follow. She had the air of saving Robin from Harriett, of intimating that his grumpiness was Harriett's fault. "He doesn't want to be bothered," she said.

She sat up till eleven so that Robin shouldn't be thrown with Harriett in the last hours.

Half the night Harriett's thoughts ran on, now in a darkness, now in thin flashes of light. "Supposing, after all, Robin wasn't happy? Supposing he can't stand it? Supposing . . . But why is he angry with *me?*" Then a clear thought: "He's angry with me because he can't be angry with Priscilla." And clearer. "He's angry with me because I made him marry her."

She stopped the running and meditated with a steady, hard deliberation. She thought of her deep, spiritual love for Robin; of Robin's deep, spiritual love for her; of his strength in shouldering his burden. It was through her renunciation that he had grown so strong, so pure, so good.

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Something had gone wrong with Prissie. Robin, coming home early on Saturday afternoon, had taken Harriett for a walk. All evening and all through Sunday it was Priscilla who sulked and snapped when Harriett spoke to her.

On Monday morning she was ill and Robin ordered her to stay in bed. Monday was Harriett's last night. Priscilla stayed in bed till six o'clock when she heard Robin come in; then she insisted on being dressed and carried downstairs. Harriett heard her calling to Robin and Robin saying, "I *told* you you weren't to get up till to-morrow," and a sound like Prissie crying.

At dinner she shook and jerked and spilt things worse than ever. Robin gloomed at her. "You know you ought to be in bed. You'll go at nine."

"If I go, you'll go. You've got a headache."

"I should think I had, sitting in this furnace."

The heat of the dining-room oppressed him, but they sat on there after dinner because Prissie loved the heat. Robin's pale, blank face had a sick look, a deadly smoothness. He had to lie down on the sofa by the window.

When the clock struck nine he sighed and got up, dragging himself as if the weight of his body was more than he could bear. He stooped over Prissie, and lifted her.

"Robin—you can't. You're dropping to pieces."

"I'm all right." He heaved her up with one tremendous, irritated effort and carried her upstairs, fast, as if he wanted to be done with it. Through the open doors Harriett could hear Prissie's pleading whine, and Robin's voice, hard and controlled. Presently he came back to her and they went into his study. They could breathe there, he said.

They sat without speaking for a little time. The silence of Prissie's room overhead came between them.

Robin spoke first. "I'm afraid it hasn't been very gay for you with poor Prissie in this state."

"Poor Prissie? She's very happy, Robin."

He stared at her. His eyes, round and full and steady, taxed her with falsehood, with hypocrisy.

"You don't suppose *I'm* not, do you?"

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"No." There was a movement in her throat as though she swallowed something hard. "No. I want you to be happy."

"You don't. You want me to be rather miserable."

"*Robin!*" She contrived a sound like laughter. But Robin didn't laugh; his eyes, morose and cynical, held her there.

"That's what you want. . . . At least I hope you do. If you didn't—"

She fenced off the danger. "Do *you* want *me* to be miserable, then?"

At that he laughed out. "No. I don't. I don't care how happy you are."

She took the pain of it: the pain he meant to give her.

That evening he had hung over Priscilla with a deliberate, exaggerated tenderness.

"Dear . . . Dearest. . . ." He spoke the words to Priscilla, but he sent out his voice to Harriett. She could feel its false precision, its intention, its repulse of her.

She was glad to be gone.

VII

Eighteen seventy nine: it was the year her father lost his money. Harriett was nearly thirty-five.

She remembered the day, late in November, when they heard him coming home from the office early. Her mother raised her head and said, "That's your father, Harriett. He must be ill." She always thought of 'seventy nine as one continuous November.

Her father and mother were alone in the study for a long time; she remembered Annie going in with the lamp and coming out and whispering that they wanted her. She found them sitting in the lamplight alone, close together, holding each other's hands; their faces had a strange, exalted look.

"Harriett, my dear, I've lost every shilling I possessed, and here's your mother saying she doesn't mind."

He began to explain in his quiet voice. "When all the creditors are paid in full there'll be nothing but your mother's two hundred a year. And the insurance money when I'm gone."

"Oh Papa, how terrible—"

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"Yes, Hatty."

"I mean the insurance. It's gambling with your life."

"My dear, if that was all I'd gambled with—"

It seemed that half his capital had gone in what he called "the higher mathematics of the game". The creditors would get the rest.

"We shall be no worse off," her mother said, "than we were when we began. We were very happy then."

"We. How about Harriett?"

"Harriett isn't going to mind."

"You're not—going—to mind. . . . We shall have to sell this house and live in a smaller one. And I can't take my business up again."

"My dear, I'm glad and thankful you've done with that dreadful, dangerous game."

"I'd no business to play it. . . . But, after holding myself in all those years, there was a sort of fascination."

One of the creditors, Mr. Hichens, gave him work in his office. He was now Mr. Hichens's clerk. He went to Mr. Hichens as he had gone to his own great business, upright and alert, handsome in his dark grey overcoat with the black velvet collar,—faintly amused at himself. You would never have known that anything had happened.

Strange that at the same time Mr. Hancock should have lost money, a great deal of money, more money than Papa. He seemed determined that everybody should know it; you couldn't pass him in the road without knowing. He met you with his swollen red face hanging; ashamed and miserable, and angry as if it had been your fault.

One day Harriett came in to her father and mother with the news. "Did you know that Mr. Hancock's sold his horses? And he's going to give up the house."

Her mother signed to her to be silent, frowning and shaking her head and glancing at her father. He got up suddenly and left the room.

"He's worrying himself to death about Mr. Hancock," she said.

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"I didn't know he cared for him like that, Mamma."

"Oh well, he's known him thirty years, and it's a very dreadful thing that he should have to give up his house."

"It's not worse for him than it is for Papa."

"It's ever so much worse. He isn't like your father. He can't be happy without his big house and his carriages and horses. He'll feel so small and unimportant."

"Well then, it serves him right."

"Don't say that. It *is* what he cares for and he's lost it."

"He's no business to behave as if it was Papa's fault," said Harriett. She had no patience with the odious little man. She thought of her father's face, her father's body, straight and calm, and his soul so far above that mean trouble of Mr. Hancock's, that vulgar shame.

Yet inside him he fretted. And, suddenly, he began to sink. He turned faint after the least exertion and had to leave off going to Mr. Hichens. And by the spring of eighteen eighty he was upstairs in his room, too ill to be moved. That was just after Mr. Hichens had bought the house and wanted to come into it. He lay, patient, in the big white bed, smiling his faint, amused smile when he thought of Mr. Hichens.

It was awful to Harriett that her father should be ill, lying there at their mercy. She couldn't get over her sense of his parenthood, his authority. When he was obstinate, and insisted on exerting himself she gave in. She was a bad nurse because she couldn't set herself against his will. And when she had him under her hands to strip and wash him she felt that she was doing something outrageous and impious; she set about it with a flaming face and fumbling hands. "Your mother does it better," he said gently. But she could not get her mother's feeling of him as a helpless, dependent thing.

Mr. Hichens called every week to enquire. "Poor man, he wants to know when he can have his house. Why *will* he always come on my good days? He isn't giving himself a chance."

He still had good days, days when he could be helped out of bed to sit in his chair. "This sort of game may go on forever," he said. He began to worry seriously about keeping Mr. Hichens out of his house. "It isn't decent of me. It isn't decent."

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Harriett was ill with the strain of it. She had to go away for a fortnight with Lizzie Pierce, and Sarah Barmby stayed with her mother. Mrs. Barmby had died the year before. When Harriett got back her father was making plans for his removal.

"Why have you all made up your minds that it'll kill me to remove me? It won't. The men can take everything out but me and my bed and that chair. And when they've got all the things into the other house they can come back for the chair and me. And I can sit in the chair while they're bringing the bed. It's quite simple. It only wants a little system."

Then, while they wondered whether they might risk it, he got worse. He lay propped up, rigid, his arms stretched out by his side, afraid to lift a hand because of the violent movements of his heart. His face had a patient, expectant look as if he waited for them to do something.

They couldn't do anything. There would be no more rallies. He might die any day now, the doctor said.

"He may die any minute. I certainly don't expect him to live through the night."

Harriett followed her mother back into the room. He was sitting up in his attitude of rigid expectancy; no movement but the quivering of his nightshirt above his heart.

"The doctor's been gone a long time, hasn't he?" he said.

Harriett was silent. She didn't understand. Her mother was looking at her with a serene comprehension and compassion.

"Poor Hatty," he said, "she can't tell a lie to save my life."

"Oh—Papa—"

He smiled as if he was thinking of something that amused him.

"You should consider other people, my dear, not just your own selfish feelings. . . . You ought to write and tell Mr. Hichens."

Her mother gave a short sobbing laugh. "Oh, you darling—" she said.

He lay still. Then suddenly he began pressing hard on the mattress with both hands, bracing himself up in the bed. Her mother leaned closer towards him. He threw himself over

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slantways, and with his head bent as if it was broken, dropped into her arms.

Harriett wondered why he was making that queer grating and coughing noise. Three times.

Her mother called softly to her—"Harriett."

She began to tremble.

VIII

Her mother had some secret that she couldn't share. She was wonderful in her pure, high serenity. Surely she had some secret. She said he was closer to her now than he had ever been. And in her correct, precise answers to the letters of condolence Harriett wrote: "I feel that he is closer to us now than he ever was." But she didn't really feel it. She only felt that to feel it was the beautiful and proper thing. She looked for her mother's secret and couldn't find it.

Meanwhile Mr. Hichens had given them six weeks. They had to decide where they would go: into Devonshire or into a cottage at Hampstead where Sarah Barmby lived now.

Her mother said, "Do you think you'd like to live in Sidmouth, near Aunt Harriett?"

They had stayed one summer at Sidmouth with Aunt Harriett. She remembered the red cliffs, the sea, and Aunt Harriett's garden stuffed with flowers. They had been happy there. She thought she would love that: the sea and the red cliffs and a garden like Aunt Harriett's.

But she was not sure whether it was what her mother really wanted. Mamma would never say. She would have to find out somehow.

"Well—what do you think?"

"It would be leaving all your friends, Hatty."

"My friends—Yes. But—"

Lizzie and Sarah and Connie Pennefather. She could live without them. "Oh, there's Mrs. Hancock."

"Well—" Her mother's voice suggested that if she were put to it she could live without Mrs. Hancock.

And Harriett thought: She does want to go to Sidmouth then.

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"It would be very nice to be near Aunt Harriett."

She was afraid to say more than that lest she should show her own wish before she knew her mother's.

"Aunt Harriett. Yes. . . . But it's very far away, Hatty. We should be cut off from everything. Lectures and concerts? We couldn't afford to come up and down."

"No. We couldn't."

She could see that Mamma did not really want to live in Sidmouth; she didn't want to be near Aunt Harriett; she wanted the cottage at Hampstead and all the things of their familiar, intellectual life going on and on. After all that was the way to keep near to Papa, to go on doing the things they had done together.

Her mother agreed that it was the way.

"I can't help feeling," Harriett said, "it's what he would have wished."

Her mother's face was quiet and content. She hadn't guessed.

They left the white house with the green balcony hung out like a birdcage at the side, and turned into the cottage at Hampstead. The rooms were small and rather dark, and the furniture they had brought had a squeezed-up, unhappy look. The blue egg on the marble-topped table was conspicuous and hateful as it had never been in the Black's Lane drawing-room. Harriett and her mother looked at it.

"Must it stay there?"

"I think so. Fanny Hancock gave it to me."

"Mamma—you know you don't like it."

"No. But after all these years I couldn't turn the poor thing away."

Her mother was an old woman, clinging with an old, stubborn fidelity to the little things of her past. But Harriett denied it. "She's not old," she said to herself. "Not really old."

"Harriett", her mother said one day, "I think you ought to do the housekeeping."

"Oh, Mamma, why?" She hated the idea of this change.

"Because you'll have to do it some day."

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She obeyed. But as she went her rounds and gave her orders she felt that she was doing something not quite real, playing at being her mother as she had played when she was a child. Then her mother had another thought.

"Harriett, I think you ought to see more of your friends, dear."

"Why?"

"Because you'll want them after I'm gone."

"I shall never *want* anybody but you."

And their time went as it had gone before: in sewing together, reading together, listening to lectures and concerts together. They had told Sarah that they didn't want anybody to call. They were Hilton Frean's wife and daughter. "After our wonderful life with him," they said, "you'll understand, Sarah, that we don't want people". And if Harriett was introduced to any stranger she accounted for herself arrogantly: "My father was Hilton Frean."

They were collecting his *Remains* for publication.

Months passed, years passed, going each one a little quicker than the last. And Harriett was forty.

One evening, coming out of church, her mother fainted. That was the beginning of her illness, February, eighteen eighty three. First came the long months of weakness; then the months and months of sickness; then the pain; the pain she had been hiding, that she couldn't hide any more.

They knew what it was now: that horrible thing that even the doctors were afraid to name. They called it "something malignant". When the friends—Mrs. Hancock, Connie Pennefather, Lizzie and Sarah—called to enquire, Harriett wouldn't tell them what it was; she pretended that she didn't know, that the doctors weren't sure; she covered it up from them as if it had been a secret shame. And they pretended that they didn't know. But they knew.

They were talking now about an operation. There was one chance for her in a hundred if they had Sir James Pargeter: one chance. She might die of it; she might die under the anaesthetic; she might die of the shock; she was so old and weak. Still, there was that one chance, if only she would take it.

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But her mother wouldn't listen. "My dear, it would cost a hundred pounds."

"How do you know what it would cost?"

"Oh," she said, "I know." She was smiling above the sheet that was tucked close up, tight under her chin, shutting it all down.

Sir James Pargeter would cost a hundred pounds. Harriett couldn't lay her hands on the money or on half of it or a quarter. "That doesn't matter if they think it'll save you."

"They *think;* they think. But I *know.* I know better than all the doctors."

"But Mamma, darling—"

She urged the operation. Just because it would be so difficult to raise the hundred pounds she urged it. She wanted to feel that she had done everything that could be done, that she had let nothing stand in the way, that she had shrunk from no sacrifice. One chance in a hundred. What was a hundred pounds weighed against that one chance? If it had been one in a thousand she would have said the same.

"It would be no good, Hatty. I know it wouldn't. They just love to try experiments, those doctors. They're dying to get their knives into me. Don't *let* them."

Gradually, day by day, Harriett weakened. Her mother's frightened voice tore at her, broke her down. Supposing she really died under the operation? Supposing—It was cruel to excite and upset her just for that; it made the pain worse.

Either the operation or the pain, going on and on, stabbing with sharper and sharper knives; cutting in deeper; all their care, the antiseptics, the restoratives, dragging it out, giving it more time to torture her.

When the three friends came Harriett said, "I shall be glad and thankful when it's all over. I couldn't want to keep her with me, just for this."

Yet she did want it. She was thankful every morning that she came to her mother's bed and found her alive, lying there, looking at her with her wonderful smile. She was glad because she still had her.

And now they were giving her morphia. Under the torpor of

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the drug her face changed; the muscles loosened, the flesh sagged, the widened, swollen mouth hung open; only the broad beautiful forehead, the beautiful calm eyebrows were the same; the face, sallow white, half imbecile, was a mask flung aside. She couldn't bear to look at it; it wasn't her mother's face; her mother had died already under the morphia; she had a shock every time she came in and found it still there.

On the day her mother died she told herself she was glad and thankful. She met her friends with a little, quiet, composed face, saying, "I'm glad and thankful she's at peace." But she wasn't thankful; she wasn't glad. She wanted her back again, and she reproached herself, one minute for having been glad and the next for wanting her.

She consoled herself by thinking of the sacrifices she had made, how she had given up Sidmouth, and how willingly she would have paid the hundred pounds.

"I sometimes think, Hatty," said Mrs. Hancock, melancholy and condoling, "that it would have been very different if your poor mother could have had her wish."

"What—what wish?"

"Her wish to live in Sidmouth, near your Aunt Harriett."

And Sarah Barmby, sympathizing heavily, stopping short and brooding, trying to think of something to say: "If the operation had only been done five years ago when they *knew* it would save her—"

"Five years ago? But we didn't know anything about it then."

"*She* did. . . . Don't you remember? It was when I stayed with her. . . . Oh Hatty, didn't she tell you?"

"She never said a word."

"Oh well, she wouldn't hear of it, even then when they didn't give her two years to live."

Five years? She had had it five years ago. She had known about it all that time. Five years ago the operation would have saved her; she would have been here now. Why had she refused it when she knew it would save her?

She had been thinking of the hundred pounds.

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To have known about it five years and said nothing—to have gone on believing she hadn't two years to live—

That was her secret. That was why she had been so calm when Papa died. She had known she would have him again so soon. Not two years—

"If I'd been them," Lizzie was saying, "I'd have bitten my tongue out before I told you. It's no use worrying, Hatty. You did everything that could be done."

"I know. I know."

She held up her face against them; but to herself she said that everything had not been done. Her mother had never had her wish. And she had died in agony, so that she, Harriett, might keep her hundred pounds.

(*To be continued*)

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THE ADVENTURER

BY ALICE BROWN

I

His birthright is to hear unendingly
The rote of breakers on some nameless shore,
The din of savage warfare and the roar
Of strange beasts mocking the unmindful sea;
The perils hid in water, cave and tree
Are wild delights he lives but to explore
Fast on each track of wonder, to the door
Of threatening, unguessed hazards yet to be.
Intrepid voyager! now is he confined
Within a world restricted, charted, known,
The far obscure illumed for all to find,
The seeds of strangeness in set borders sown,
And but rehearsed adventures of the mind
For fiery witness to bright dangers flown.

II

Spurning the vanquished earth, he flies to air,
Some red horizon now his coast of gold,
And, unappalled by lightning, sleet and cold,
He sails the sunrise and the morning star;
The void is his, her shifting gulfs, and far
Outrunning wild belief, he sees unrolled
Cloud ranges, peak and valley, fold on fold,
And cleaves the turmoil of the winds at war.
Imperious earth! his godhead flaming high,
She plucks him downward for that desperate flight
Of lone mortality, ordained to die
The body's death, and through her rayless night
Bids his clear spirit seek beyond her sky
The rose of beauty and the founts of light.

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CLIFFS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I took my longing up a cliff,
  All alone, I looked on the sea—
The surf, spread out like fans of lace,
  Rustled a soft sound up to me,
    A gentle sound like sliding beads,
    And wind hummed over the weeds.

Long and long ago a cliff
  Lovers out of luck would leap,
And fall to cool their hearts like stones,
  Or break like waves and fall asleep.
    The sea now is the same, I knew,
    And any cliff, I thought, would do.

I laid down my frock and frills,
  I took the gold pins from my hair,
And tip-toed to the tasselled edge,
  Whispering a prayer,
    That nothing else of me but foam
    Should remain to carry home.

I was a curve of flame in the air!
  I was a coal that scorched the sea!
The spray went up in a steamy cloud,
  High and hissing over me,
    And my body slid out of the blue,
    Polished and clean and new.

I shook the bitterness from my eyes,
  I laughed that I was alive!
So now I know I can dare to love
  As long as I love to dive—
    And I am not the one to weep,
    While there are cliffs to leap.

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SPIRITUALITY VERSUS SPIRITISM

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Does intercourse with departed spirits make the living more spiritual? Psychic research replies with an unequivocal "yes". To reply with an unequivocal "no" requires some courage, and even more of plain common sense. Common sense is merely racial instinct accounting for itself. It was to secure itself from backsliding into animality that the human race as it has emerged from the savage toward the man has more and more clearly denied itself recourse to the occult. Evolution has obeyed an undeviating principle from the amœba to the ape, from the ape to Isaiah, and that principle is the development of inner faculties, mental or moral or religious, only by depending on them. Not the eyes of the body but of the soul, have perceived all the light that has ever affected human progress. You don't strengthen the eyes of the soul by materialising the dead so that the living may see them, on the contrary, you revert to a gross animal dependence on the eyes of the body.

Faith is a far bigger word than our common use of it to mean belief in an unseen God or in an unproved immortality. Faith is the most important faculty the race possesses, and nothing is more perilous for progress than to weaken faith by making it depend on proof. Faith is the power to walk on an hypothesis, and hypothesis is the only bridge by which people have ever crossed from the past into the future. If men had been denied the privilege of acting in accordance with facts they could not prove, if belief of any kind had ever been conditioned on what we can see with our eyes and hear with our ears and feel with our hands, we should have remained monkeys, we should not today be men.

The most searching test of the psychic is the psychological.

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Not, "Can the dead speak to us?" is the root question, but, "What good will it do even if they can?" Every red-blooded brain resists any tendency toward reversion. Even if psychic research advertises its importance from every publisher's catalogue, shall we human beings voluntarily revert from our dependence on our own souls, and rush for advice to the souls of the dead? As we look back at history, either universal or individual, and observe the slow, bitter spiritualising of humanity, does it really appear ever to have been safe to consult any human spirit except that one which faces us so mysteriously in the glass every morning?

In order to examine the spiritualising power of spiritism, suppose psychic communication to have become as popular as some new method of telephoning; what results should a plain common sense knowledge of human nature expect if the ouija board become as common a household convenience as the telephone receiver? In the first place, all materialists would leave the psychic alone except as offering problems for the pathologist. Materialists are not people to be despised, for many of them through their whole-hearted attention to the mysteries of life are doing work of highest service for the slow upward climb of humanity toward liberation. It is less dangerous to evolution to exaggerate the mystery of matter, as do many of our noblest scientists, than to neglect the mystery of matter as do many noble spiritists. Further, spiritist and materialist can hardly afford to scorn each other, for each is a little responsible for the other's creed. As today's preoccupation with the psychic marks the far swing of the pendulum away from yesterday's preoccupation with the material, so today's spiritism is confirming if not producing, a good deal of materialism. The methods and the message of much psychic communication are so grotesque, and the effect on mentality so regrettable, that the instant rejection by materialists of all psychic claims is largely the assertion of healthy human instincts. Perhaps an honest materialist would rather not have a soul than have the sort of soul spiritism describes. Perhaps of all creeds materialism sees most clearly that spiritism is unspiritual.

So much for the effect of psychic research on people who don't

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believe it. There remains to divide the people who do believe it into those who think and those who don't. Five years ago it would have seemed absured to analyse the dangers of spiritism as applied to everyday living, but today the popularity of the psychic is so amazing both among thinking and among unthinking people that simply for one's own clarity and stability it is well to recognise its fallible psychology. In print and in conversation one observes much facile credulity in regard to psychic research and as much facile mockery, but very little of civil refusal to accept its knowledge not of ghosts but of men. Looking at basic human nature as it is, not as the ingenuous psychic researcher looks at it, one is forced to see the disastrous effect a general acceptance of spiritism would have. The rank and file would degrade all psychic intercourse to mundane purposes, as, obviously, they already do. They would go to mediums for advice in sickness and in financial speculation, for assistance in finding lost articles and in betting on Presidential candidates. It is a significant and arresting fact that no spirit has yet expressed any moral inspiration that his interviewer was not capable, consciously or subconsciously, of expressing for himself. All authoritative students of the soul, Shakespeare, for example, or Socrates, or Jesus are pretty well agreed that it is incapable of reformation from without, but only from within. A voice from the dead may frighten us, it can't regenerate us, for regeneration is not a psychic but a psychological experience. If therefore we possess a fatal facility for remaining materialist beings in our purposes, no matter how familiarly we converse with immaterial beings, then the methods of intermundane intercourse will always expose mediums to the same ordeal that often betrayed Roman augurs and Greek soothsayers: it will be a stout-minded medium who never yields to the temptation of saying whatever will please the sitter!

Psychic enthusiasts are sadly ignorant of the healthy toughness of humanity. It never gasps long over the miraculous, it accepts it and goes on its humdrum way. If really converted to the authenticity of automatic writing, the general public would employ that agency to make themselves more luxurious, not more noble. Nine out of ten applications for spirit advice would

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be some variation of the question, "How may I get more money?" This priceless advice could be obtained merely by holding a pencil laxly in the fingers, and all such inquiry could be so secret that none of us would be restrained by wholesome shame before our fellows no matter what selfish desires we might reveal to our ghostly counsellors. The ease with which mankind adjusts itself to all discovery and converts miracles into conveniences for its comfort, might well give pause to those who aver that spiritual reformation would follow the acceptance of spiritist claims.

The only people who would use psychic agencies for their own ennobling are the people who think, and these are precisely such as are capable of attaining beauty by those nobler methods which have an age-old sanction. Persons of true aspiration would be debilitated exactly in so far as they turned from their hard-won spiritual insight and vigor to depend on the advice of mediums and of letter-writing controls. Such persons are equipped to get their help from their own souls, if only they will be patient enough to take the trouble. Here and now we have beauty enough to live and die by, without running to the dead to reveal it to us. For the thinking and the unthinking alike, spiritism is the evasion of the responsibility to develop our own vision and our own energy under a handicap surely set us with patient creative purpose.

The human soul is capable of being vitalised only by the moral, not by the miraculous. We have forgotten that Jesus looked upon even his raisings from the dead as being "mere works". Incalculable discussion has waged about the authenticity of the gospel miracles. The essential point is not whether or not the miracles were true, the essential point is that Jesus scorned them, and the people who needed them. The proof of Christian idealism is not to be found in history, but in psychology. Instead of being a clarion call to faith to investigate for itself, spiritism belongs to that lower order that requires "mere works". By discovering for us rather than by letting us discover for ourselves, it weakens all our soul powers. It stunts us because it denies our noblest aspiration.

Examined as a practical doctrine to assist us in living, spiritism would tend to make us less, not more, spiritual human beings. As a creed to energise us in our relations to this world, it is

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weak; as a creed to fortify us in our relations to another, is it any more vital? If it does not help us to meet life, does it help us to meet death, our own or our loved ones'? It was as a panacea in universal bereavement that psychic research attained its present popularity, and yet one dares to insist that spiritism is no more a spiritual way of regarding death than it is a spiritual way of facing life.

For the man seeking to sift for himself the purport to himself of psychic science, the most illuminating method of procedure is to admit the hypothesis that its evidence is true, but to scrutinise the effect claimed for this evidence. Granted that we can freely communicate with our dead, is the manner of conversation through the frankly occult means of ouija, mediums or automatic writing the surest solace for grief? If one accepts the testimony of spirit messages at their face value, and examines them in the light of this acceptance, what conclusions are to be drawn by an unbiased mind? The first is that we seem to be subjecting our loved ones to an intense difficulty in mere means of speech; it appears to be terribly hard for them to reach us. They seem to be feeling, often with real pain, for the old shackles of language, for the old physical restrictions that alone make possible an interchange of ideas with us who are still held by those restrictions. If it troubles our dead to talk to us, why should we ask it? According to spiritist records, our dead send reports of a busy, happy, emancipated activity. When we summon them, we interrupt their own high services, deter them from starry climbs. All that the departed seem allowed to transmit to us is that they persist, with personality accentuated rather than weakened, and that they are joyously occupied,—as to anything more than this, the accounts of post-mundane existence are so contradictory as to be impossible even for spiritists themselves to disentangle. That our dead are alive and happy, all of us who accept Christianity with any sincerity believed this before. Many who did not accept Christian revelation were at least open to a faith in immortality through observation of earthly lives so miraculously disciplined toward perfection that it seemed impossible to conceive the universe so prodigal that it would devote so much energy to making a man beautiful only to snuff him out like a

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candle! People who have had enough religion of any kind to believe in the immortality of the soul will strengthen their faith best by reference to the testimony of their own souls rather than to material evidence. And how many people who did not believe in immortality have been converted by spiritist evidence?

Again, still taking psychic messages at their face value, we gather that the dead desire of us a serenity so poised that they need not stop to worry about us, and an energy for righteousness in our physical sphere so vigorous that it shall be to them our strongest assurance of sympathy with their own activity. The firmest earthly bond between any two people is shared service; why should it not also be the most vital method of communion between the living and the dead? This conception of grief is exactly what Christianity has been teaching for two thousand years. The Christian attitude toward immortality is more vitalising than the spiritist because it demands the expression of this faith in action, it is inexorable in its insistence that the truest reverence for our dear ones is shown in incorporating their beauty into our own lives. Surely that is the highest tribute that one can ever pay to a loved one, and if our dead have indeed that surer vision which spirit messages affirm, they would value most that affection which imitates their earthly nobility. They must surely see, if they are capable of seeing anything, that preoccupation with mediumistic messages undermines the energy, which, expressed in service to the living, is the sole healthy curative of sorrow. If spiritist messages really establish, as they appear to do, a sphere of joyous activity for the departed, and another sphere of activity, less lucid, but as necessary, for us, both forms of activity having the same ultimate purpose the, spiritualising of humanity, then the surest way of feeling near our dead here, and the surest way of educating ourselves to join them there, seems to be to live while we live, rather than to try to penetrate the Great Divide. Spiritist accounts of the universe seem to show that the work beyond and the work here require the individual attention of each soul. Neither those others, nor we, have energy enough for both sides of the grave.

One is speaking of course of the capacities of the average soul, physical or disembodied, and on the assumption that one accepts

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the evidences of spiritism while objecting to its inferences; arguing from and not against psychic phenomena, one may admit that the possibility of communication may legitimately engage specialists on both sides of death. Certain beings may well be selected by equipment and desire, like specialists in any other department of science. But just as on this planet progress would be interrupted if everybody went into biology or mathematics, so the great work of this interwoven universe would surely be retarded if everybody went into the subject of post-mortal intercourse. At its best, communication between the living and the dead would be merely a means not an end. Psychic research has been dignified to an undue importance. Unless messages from the dead make us better, they have no justification, and it is a question whether they have the power to make us better unless we possess that spiritual endowment and discipline that could make us better anyway, if we let it.

Surely the highest regard we can show our dead is to trust rather than to trouble them. When the dead speak they seem to do so with difficulty, under the stress of patient pity. Even when the utterance is spontaneous, it always appears to be in the nature of an affectionate interruption to higher claims, as if they returned to help us when we can't help ourselves, but would really rather be about some beautiful business that forever draws them. Can we not suffer them to go to this high service? Has human love sunk to such pitiful selfishness that it would deter our dead from their transcendent occupations? Even suppose they faded into extinction, is there nowhere in us a nobility that would be glad we had possessed them even for a little while, and that could create for ourselves an indissoluble inspiration, forbidding us to mar that holy lost companionship by self-engrossed mourning? Instead of going to some trained medium to beg our dead child to speak to us, might it not be one's highest aspiration to say: My son has passed into nothingness, even as I myself shall presently pass, but meanwhile I will create within myself that divinity which shall cause me to walk godlike while I may, because for a little while I possessed him in his beauty.

Yet few of us are strained to such high but tragic effort, for communion with our dead is not forbidden us even if we refuse

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any occult intercourse. We do not deny ourselves the consciousness of an inter-related universe. There are moments when our dead seem strangely near, but, significantly, these moments come unsought. They are the moments when we are most courageously attacking our problems with our own spiritual strength. This sense of unseen presences is too deep, too absolute, to need the impertinence of alien mediums, or of automatic writing. No matter how completely we are convinced of the juxtaposition of two worlds, our attitude is sanest if we decide not to penetrate too soon that other temple ordained for our pilgrimage. If by chance we do intercept some wireless message from beyond, it is best to attach it instantly to conduct, not to contemplation. We may sometimes rejoice in the happy confidence and assurance of definite presonalities seeking to touch us, but we shall be in deeper accord with the purpose of their life if we neither desert our own posts nor recall our loved travelers from their starry journeying.

If psychic research does not provide the noblest solace for the death of our loved ones, does it at least make our own dying easier? On the surface that would seem to be its chief excuse for being. Ripping the veil from before life's exit is supposed to make our going less painful. To think so is to exhibit once again the fallibility of spiritism, its ignorance of human nature. We would enter upon death more bravely if we knew what is there? Hardly, if what is there is what psychic research reveals! Death has been the one holy land secure from the desecration of human discovery. It has been the only adventure that could not be stolen from any human creature. As we look back at our lives we know that it has always been mystery that exhilarated us, it has been certainty that turned us craven with ennui. No, studying the geography of No-man's-land will not make us "bolder men in death", for to make death banal is to deny our soul-powers, inured to risking the desperate splendid chances of life.

The elaborate detail to which spiritism reduces the New Heaven is for most of us an ugly substitute either for mystery or for nothingness. A somewhat sublimated repetition of existence here, is that all? We have a right to expect better things of

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death than that. Extinction would be more dignified, more in accord with the sublimity we have witnessed in heroic earthly lives.

Spiritist pictures of life beyond the grave must affect people in two different ways; those to whom life is a disappointment will be enervated by a lotus-eating contemplation, those to whom life is a challenge will be revolted. There remains, of course, that number to whom psychic research will never mean anything at all. The history of thought, the history of religion, the history of the attitude of the living toward the dead, all repeat themselves in a way to make one a little hesitant about proclaiming that there is anything novel in scrutinising the other side of the grave. Other periods have occupied themselves with the life beyond,—to their own peril, and to the detriment of after generations. Other men in other times have conceived ghostly cities. It is no new pastime to build a heaven out of spirit-blocks so that we may hide earth from our eyes, but every age that has achieved growth has put away these childish things. All those other heavens were anthropomorphic, too, and reflected contemporary thought and feeling as transparently as does the spiritist heaven of today. It is true that our methods of approaching the other side are scientific rather than ecclesiastic, because ours is a scientific age. The after life that these scientific methods lay bare, however, is as clear a reflection of contemporary mental and spiritual development as was Virgil's or Dante's. In fact if one wanted to study the successive eras of history, one might easily do so by confining one's research to the successive pictures that earth has made of heaven. And no age and no man whose pictures of heaven have been more vivid than the realities of earth has ever pushed the human race far upon its way.

For the security of our evolution, better the grossest materialism than that gazing upon the life to be should beguile our strength from living the life that is. Many thoughtful people are mystified by the present popularity of the psychic:—here is the explanation stated by a spiritist, who, a sincere Christian minister of today, is unconscious that he has reverted to the medievalism of yesterday; he thus explains the popular preoccupation:

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It proceeds, I think, from a wave of intense dissatisfaction with this present world. If there is a better world we want to be assured of it, and to be assured of it quickly. For minds seeking a firm basis on which to stand, there is none in sight.

And therefore are we to turn to the contemplation of a post-mundane order and security, because we abandon the effort to discover security in the world in which we are placed? Because our own souls are discouraged and impatient, are we to turn to souls passed on, to comfort and bolster us? Is that the road to spiritualised vision, to spiritualised effort?

The medieval monks, aghast at the ugliness of the real world, made for their imaginations a celestial city built out of their own restricted aspirations, their own restricted notions of right and beauty, and in their tranced meditation on their own heaven, they rested. What energy did they have left to rebuild and redeem the tormented real world beyond the monastery gates? By way of escape from life they lived in contemplation of death. Exactly in the same way do spiritists act today. There is a mysticism that vitalises and a mysticism that destroys. Mysticism is a confidence in invisible beauty. A cowardly mysticism can find invisible beauty only in an existence freed from the ugliness of the physical; a courageous mysticism finds beauty here and now, and seeks to embody it. We earn the right to fulness of life beyond the grave only by practicing fulness of life here.

The boasted new science is more medieval than it dreams. Not only is it lost in gazing at its self-created heaven, but it is subtly self-centered. We scorn the ethics of the hermit who was intent upon the saving of his own soul from the world. The monk in his monastery, the nun in her convent, were at peace while robbers raided the countryside, and fire and murder and rapine wrought a hell for other lives. Today we are told in book after book that spiritism has brought the writer serenity. Serenity? But how about activity? Or service? Or ringing denunciation? Now, while famine and cruelty and greed walk the earth? No wonder that some of us see in spiritism a desperate peril. Today of all days, an instinct that would safeguard human growth makes us cry out to spiritists,—oh, turn from dreaming, and save a civilization that goes reeling!

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The dead are speaking to us? Well, let them! If listening to them means that we are deaf to one starving baby's cry, let them speak unheeded! There is no healing for a broken world in any teaching that exalts death at the expense of life. Spiritism asks us to give thought to our own dying—today of all days! It pleads: See how comfortable you will be in death and afterwards! What man worthy his heirship of life troubles himself about his dying? What man with red blood in him would not reply to the pleasant promises of spiritism. Let my death be like a gnat's if by extinction I may save one young life from the bestiality of war!

It is beneath the dignity of the live soul to demand material proof of survival; it takes from us our right to be intrepid. We crave the opportunity to prove our faith in the loveliness of life victorious over all ugly seeming. We demand our right to embody that faith in service without being insulted by promises of ease beyond the grave.

We allow no one to steal from us our awe of death. Life here is one temple, life there is another, and it is hideous to desecrate its threshold by material certainties. Why, one can imagine the descriptions in Raymond put into a movie scenario! My whole soul shrinks at this vulgarising of death. The august spirit that inhabits our body, has its right to an august destiny. Certainty is an affront, a sorry conclusion of that adventure into mystery to which this world has habituated us. Earth has honored the imperial soul that possesses us by allowing us to follow dauntlessly the quest of beauty amid darkness and despair. After that high privilege must we shrink to the pettiness of knowledge, the sordidness of certainty? The human soul is mysterious and has a right to its exit into a mystery worthy the intrepid trust, which freely permitted us in this world, is still the soul's supreme prerogative in the world to come.

One strange thing about this bewildered and bewildering period is that one meets religion in unexpected spots. People are not half so ashamed of God as they used to be; every little while one is startled by a confession of faith breaking out abruptly in a parliament or at a commercial convention or a lawyers' luncheon. Amid so much in the daily news that is heartless or avaricious or

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lawless or murder-mad, every little while appear these sudden flashes of a burning insight and a fiery zeal. Faith is not dead, but it is appearing in strange places, in editorials, in fiction, "The history of the human soul and its relation to divinity is the only history worth any man's pursuit,—" it is surely significant that these unabashed words are found in a popular present-day novel, Hugh Walpole's *Secret City*. People are trying to get at God in a manner that is often fumbling, but surprisingly candid, so that to-day one need offer no apology for concluding a challenge of spiritism with a study of its relation to religion.

If faith is the power to perceive the substance of things not seen, then, clearly, when spirits are materialised for us and photographed and their surroundings pictorially reported and vouched for, we need no longer exercise a spiritualised imagination about them, and are denied any opportunity to trust God as to their welfare. Faith and material proof are a contradiction in terms. They cannot possibly exist together. Faith results from the slow education of the divine inside of us to recognise the divine outside of us. Being essentially a spiritual activity, faith cannot be strengthened by material evidences, for to depend on these would be to abrogate its own functions. The salient weakness of spiritism is its materialism. Its spirituality is fallacious. Psychic research, instead of introducing into our bewildered physical existence the clarity and nobility of the spirit-world, on the contrary, introduces our own material standards, our finite valuations, our ephemeral desires, into the spirit-world. Psychic research by invading mystery does not make earth spiritual, it makes heaven material. The medieval monk established in his heaven a hierarchy quite as specific as the actual hierarchy of church and state familiar to him,—is psychic research any less naïve in establishing in its after-world that order which current taste thinks beautiful and desirable? Even granting that every description which spirits give us of their life is authentic, still, since they are forced in communicating to employ terms fitted for our life, their accounts must necessarily be grossly materialistic. If psychic research so cripples the exercise of our spiritual sight that we require the evidences of our eyes and ears before we are willing to believe in the existence of our dead, by

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so doing it will cripple our faculty for perceiving an invisible God.

Faith must be founded on something sturdier than spirit-contacts. If life and death are alike designed, through a tortuous evolution, to develop the divine out of the human, then spiritism is in its very essence opposed to spirituality. Materialist proofs of God and our immortality are the stifling of the highest faculty we possess. Certainty forbids education through faith. Training in faith comes through acceptance of the physical as purposely ordained. Faith is attained through the search for God in matter,—in the twisted tortured flesh, in the brave, pitiful complexities of human conduct, in the sacred energies of the physical earth, in the authentic scripture of the pushing spring, in the holiness of small daily usages,—those homely shining presences that haunt the tea-kettle,—in those blind titanic struggles that scourge the nations through blood to progress. To miss seeing God in His physical world, who can tell whether it might not mean missing Him also in His world to come?

Psychic research, with its preoccupation with physical evidence for a post-physical existence, is merely a harmless science, it is only as a religion that it is harmful. It is as superstitious to fear that faith could be destroyed by any scientific discovery as it is superficial to expect that it could be automatically assisted by any scientific discovery. People were afraid about faith when the principles of evolution were first announced, and yet evolution merely revealed a new aspect of God's mind, for evolution did not deny our divine creation, it merely emphasized the transcendent patience needed to bring forth a man from the void. To say that man was not made in a day was not to say that God did not make him; to say that the divine imprint is so sacred that it takes æons to effect it is not to say that the man is not made in God's image. The discovery of evolution did not destroy faith for any except those who were rather relieved to put God out of court. For those whose faith was established, evolution merely meant a quickened reverence.

That sin of spiritism which live people most resent is its failure to recognise the majesty of earth. Why are we created physical and planted in a physical world if we are to run away and expend

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all our thought on a psychical one? What contempt for the body, whose smallest cell is evidence to the divine structure of the temple of the soul! What neglect of the senses, given us as a means to discover the beauty of a world lent us for our joy and our education! To disregard the witness of our senses to the glory of the physical world is to bar ordained avenues of reverence. And must we fly to the spirit-world to find companions who shall inspire us? Noble souls are all about us,—if we do not see them, it is because we have not trained our physical sympathies to recognise spiritual beauty prisoned in flesh. We shall be fitter companions for the souls that inhabit heaven, if we have quickened our vision to discover the aspirant flesh-bound souls who inhabit earth. To become absorbed in the activities of emancipated spirits is to be dull to the intrepid efforts of the thousands who toil in blindness and dark to build the architecture of progress, it is to deny the dignity of those here striving to make the world a nobler dwelling for man's soul, a worthier footstool for his God.

We are here not as unwilling slaves to circumstance, but as people who accept a gage from God, and submit to the laws of the game. We are put here to find out as much as we can about this earth ourselves, and God. When we call on spirits to help our spirit in its search, we are refusing both our duty and our privilege. The parable supreme to show the relation of man to man is that of the Good Samaritan, but the Good Samaritan obeyed his own conscience; if he had merely obeyed a ghost, would his example inspire us? The parable supreme to show the relation of man to God is that of the Prodigal Son, but the Prodigal Son obeyed his own conscience; if he had merely obeyed a ghost would he have won sure communion with his Father?

This present world is too majestic a temple to abandon for psychic contemplation. One world at a time is the law of the spirit's progress. We were not meant to telescope the courses in our eternal education. It is possible that in occupying ourselves with our psychic faculties before the due time we may neglect the most important foundation for their development. It is possible that arrived in that new world, we may look back with regret to neglected studies, to exactly that strengthening of perception and

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energy which is appointed to accrue from our opportunities to spiritualise ourselves here. The effort to live in two worlds at once dissipates our energies and stunts our development for either plane.

Psychic research has no reverence for the divinity appointed to the physical. Flesh and blood are imprinted with God's image; why must spirit photography summon faces out of ether in order that we should recognise God's artistry and go forth joyous to service? Why need we undergo the difficulties of psychic communication in order to ascertain that grass grows in the world beyond? The grass at our own doorsteps is divine enough. Through our physical handicap we are purposely blinded to the full import of the universe, that we may discover it through trust, that slowly we may enter into the knowledge of the divine. The blindered horse, the hooded falcon, are justified in existence in so far as they submit to the master's clear vision and directing hand; our confidence that we serve some purpose beyond our comprehension is faith. To vulgarise death by certainties is to vulgarise life, to take away our highest privilege, that of discovering God in the clay, and by our efforts thus illumined to help God create man out of dust. Spiritism contributes nothing to a faith so strong that to some it shall seem audacity to demand personal survival in addition to the priceless privilege of helping to evolve a beautiful thing. Only by constant reference to our own insight, by constant putting our own energies to the test of conduct, do we become not faithless but believing; we shall not be worthy of our immortality until we learn to trust God so joyously that we should be willing to accept even extinction at His hands.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

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AN ESTIMATE OF MAETERLINCK

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In the late afternoon of a typical winter day in Paris, December 14th, 1903, and in response to a cordial invitation giving the time and the place, I walked through the cold drizzle up on the heights not so far from the Trocadéro, entered the long crooked Rue Raynouard, came to an opaque portal in an opaque wall, made out in the darkness the number 67, rang a bell, and waited the result of the tintinnabulation—which went echoing off in the remote interior—with an accelerated heart. I am not ashamed to confess that I have always been a hero-worshipper; only my heroes are not pioneers, nor politicians, nor captains of industry: they are creative artists. I admire individual specimens of all the classes just mentioned, only I admire them without any excitement; but I never can see a poet, novelist, dramatist, painter, musician, without reverence. I had time to think about all this and various other matters before the solid gate fell back. I followed a maid-servant through long passages and reverberating corridors—just as if we were characters in one of the plays—until after an incredibly long and winding pilgrimage, the maid stopped in front of a door and knocked. A clear voice called "*Entrez!*" and I did.

A cheerful contrast it was to all I had seen outside of it. It was a rather small square room; a bright fire was blazing merrily in the open grate; the walls were lined with books; a table was in the middle of the room, a comfortable chair placed at it, while directly behind the chair, so that the writer could reach these particular books without getting up, was a set of the Mermaid Series of the Elizabethan Dramatists, besides many other volumes in the English language. The chair at the desk faced the door, and as I entered, I saw the man in the chair busily writing in the old-fashioned way, with pen and ink. He looked up with a hospitable expression, immediately rose, shook hands warmly, and

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offered me a cigarette. I lit it, and was so confused that I put the wrong end in my mouth. This appeared to amuse M. Maeterlinck; in fact, he roared with laughter. I laughed to keep him company, and at once we seemed to be intimate.

For an hour we talked freely, "*Une heure amicale*," he was kind enough to call it afterwards. He spoke of his immense admiration for English literature, for English poets, English dramatists, and, among American authors, for Emerson. He confirmed all that he had written to me about his love for Browning. I reminded him of his early translation of the Elizabethan Ford's tragedy, *'Tis Pity*, and he smiled, saying it was a work of his youth. I told him of my difficulties in finding a copy in Paris, and of my pleasure in finally adding it to my collection. We spoke a good deal about his play *Monna Vanna*, and when I said I should witness it next month in Munich, he looked distressed, saying that the Munich performance was bad—later, I thought it was good. It certainly gives one a notion of the standards that prevail at Paris when I say that of all the months I have spent in Paris in the twentieth century, never at any time during my visits to that city has there been a single one of Maeterlinck's plays on the stage. I can judge of the acting qualities of his dramas only through English and German.

As I rose to go, he gave me an autograph copy of his translation of the work of a Flemish mystic.

When Maeterlinck visited America for the first time in 1919, I found him the same man—frank, hearty, modest and sincere. The enormous successes of his plays written since 1903 had not changed his personal manner.

Maeterlinck is one of the great dramatists of modern times, and is perhaps, if we consider both the excellence of his work and its universal influence, the foremost living writer in the world. Although practically all of his work is in prose, he is commonly spoken of as a poet—an unconscious recognition of the spirit and quality of his writings—and he used to be called "the Belgian Shakespeare." He has modestly insisted that the late Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet and dramatist, is a more important figure in literature than himself; but he can get no one to agree with him. During the war there was talk of electing Maeter-

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linck to the French Academy, despite his foreign birth and citizenship; in a letter to *Le Journal*, he suggested that they choose instead "my old friend Emile Verhaeren, first, because he is my elder; second, because he is a very great poet, while I am only an industrious and conscientious prose writer. Anyone with patience could write what I have written; nobody could do what he has done. Only a poet is qualified to represent worthily a nation's greatness and heroism."

Patience is an admirable quality; but, uncommon as it is, it is more common than genius. Nor is it a particular qualification for producing literature. Browning and Byron were unlike in many ways, but neither was conspicuous for possessing patience.

Good news was brought to Ghent on August 29th, 1862, for on that day and in that place Maurice Maeterlinck was born. He came of a very old Flemish family, and had the mediæval mystics in his blood. He took the regular course at the Jesuit College of Sainte-Barbe, in Ghent. These early religious impressions were lasting, for though it cannot be said that Maeterlinck is either an orthodox Catholic or Protestant, he is a life-long student of religion, and not from an aloof standpoint. He is a religious man, and ethical ideas have formed the foundation of much of his work. After graduating in 1885, he took up the study of law at the University of Ghent. But he cared much for literature and little for law.

M. Tourquet-Milnes informs us that the first thing written by Maeterlinck that got into print was *The Massacre of the Innocents*. The scene is in Nazareth and we are told that it is painfully detailed and realistic. It is interesting to note that in common with all great writers, his main inspiration is the Bible. Its pages were to have a powerful influence on his mature prose style, and he was later to write a play on Mary Magdalene.

After this prose sketch, came what is generally called Maeterlinck's first publication (really his second), a volume of poems named *Hot-Houses* (*Serres Chaudes.*) This thin book is full of vaguely melancholy verse; quite different in appearance are these forced flowers from those of *The Double Garden.*

Serres Chaudes appeared in 1889; and three years before, Mae-

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terlinck had realized a dream of his boyhood—he saw Paris for the first time. I am quite sure that no American and no Frenchman can realize or even adequately imagine the sensations of an ambitious Belgian when he first comes to Paris. Maeterlinck was twenty-four; so far as polite intercourse and writing had been concerned, French was his mother-tongue; yet he had never seen Paris nor heard Parisians talking together. His attitude toward the centre of French art and literature must have been entirely different from that of a southern Frenchman like Alphonse Daudet, or from an Englishman who had learned the language in his youth.

English literature is diffused all over the world; it can never be centralized again as it was at London in the days of Samuel Johnson. But French literature is still centralized at Paris; and as young Maeterlinck saw the world-famous poets and novelists walking the streets, and lingered in the Bohemian cafés listening to manuscript verse from youthful enthusiasts, we can only imagine his excitement and the spur to his literary ambition. "Very often," he once said to the journalist, Jules Huret, "I saw Villiers de l'Isle Adam. It was at the *Brasserie Pousset* in Montmartre. There were others too: Mendès came in occasionally."

After some months in the French capital, he returned to Belgium and lived in solitude and calm—that expectant calm that hovers over the landscape of the Low Countries—that silence which was to be characteristic of his early dramas. This period of prolonged and uninterrupted meditation, study, reflection, and composition was immensely important to his future development.

His reputation bloomed in the same year that saw the publication of *Serres Chaudes*, though not by that work; for in 1889—the year of the first play by Hauptmann and the first by Sudermann—Maeterlinck produced *La Princesse Maleine*, a tragedy in five acts. Octave Mirbeau, who was later to become a famous dramatist, and who was then a journalist, greeted the unknown Belgian with the following rhapsody, printed in *Figaro*, August 24th, 1890:

I know nothing whatever of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. I don't know where he comes from or anything about his present condition. I don't know whether he is old or young, rich or poor. I only know that no man is more unknown than he; and I know also that he has produced a masterpiece, not indeed a

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masterpiece so labeled in advance, such as our young poets publish every day, sung on every note in their yelping lyre, or rather on the contemporary yelping flute; but an admirable and pure eternal masterpiece, a masterpiece which is enough to immortalise a name and to make this name blessed by all who hunger for the lofty and the beautiful; a masterpiece, such as all honest and struggling artists, sometimes, in their moments of enthusiasm, have dreamed of writing and such as no one of them has written until now. In short, M. Maeterlinck has given us a work more richly charged with genius than any of our time, and also the most extraordinary and the most simple, comparable—shall I dare to say?—superior in beauty, to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare. This work is called *La Princesse Maleine*. Are there twenty persons living who have heard of it? I think not.

That was the beginning of the echoing cry, "The Belgian Shakespeare." Now it is easy enough to laugh at this rhapsody, as many have done; but Mirbeau was not so far from the truth. Certainly the world has not placed Maeterlinck above Shakespeare; certainly *La Princesse Maleine* in itself does not and did not deserve such extravagant praise. But the most important thing to remember is that Octave Mirbeau recognised the genius in this play at a time when the author was unknown; and Mirbeau was right in his wild enthusiasm, for Maeterlinck, although no one but Mirbeau suspected it, was to be accepted as one of the great writers of the world.

Yet it was years later that when a professor in an Eastern college in America asked his class if they knew who Maeterlinck was, one youth confidently volunteered this information: "He is the king of Abyssinia."

It is inevitable that Maeterlinck should have been labeled; a label is like a proverb or a catch-phrase: it saves expense of thought. So Maeterlinck's plays were called "symbolistic," "static," and so on. Like all artists, he felt the same objection to classification that the subjects of art themselves feel. In a letter to Mr. Barrett Clark, cited in the latter's valuable book, *The Continental Drama of Today*, Maeterlinck wrote:

You must not attach too great importance to the expression "Static"; it was an invention, a theory of my youth, worth what most literary theories are worth,—that is, almost nothing. Whether a play be *static*, or *dynamic*, *symbolistic* or *realistic*, is of little consequence. What matters is that it be well written, well thought out, human, and, if possible, superhuman, in the deepest significance of the term.

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That it should be superhuman is not only a favorite idea of the Belgian author, it was realised in all his best plays except *Monna Vanna*. Every work of talent has three dimensions: length, breadth, depth, and if it be a work of genius (which includes talent) then it invariably has the fourth dimension, as shown by the plays of Ibsen. For example, *Pélléas et Mélisande*, reduced to its lowest terms, is the familiar tragedy (Paolo and Francesca) of a young and beautiful woman married to an old, ugly, uninteresting husband, and allowed frequent conversation with the husband's young, handsome, and brilliant brother. The same result invariably happens, although not always the same consequences. You have love, conscience, loyalty, treachery, jealousy, murder, remorse—surely the ingredients of tragedy. But over all this, Maeterlinck throws a veil through which we see these lovers struggling helplessly like children in the night; and for the time all human life seems surrounded by impenetrable forests in which the children of men are lost, because we have no map and no guide. The little group of sufferers, who suffer horribly, represent humanity. There are times when we all feel the "encircling gloom". Even sure-footed Newman was content to take only one step.

The love of "silence" in Maeterlinck's plays, the suggestion of meaning by pauses and immobility, so characteristic of *Les Aveugles*, *L'Intruse*, and *Intérieur*, arises, I think, from that overwhelming desire in every artist for some better means of communication than spoken words. It is only the unthinking and the inartistic and the unimaginative who find human speech a satisfactory method of communicating ideas and intentions; perhaps it is adequate to the ideas and intentions that such people employ —as some poems are clear because they are shallow. Browning, who had a wide vocabulary and unusual power of expression, frequently cried out against the inadequacy of words as a vehicle of thought. He believed that in the next world we should have some better method.

The intimacy of silence is naturally the most difficult of all things to represent on the stage. Yet in real life silence is often the best means of communication between those whose affection is sincere and deep. Love, and even friendship, will annihilate

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formality; it is only between new or rarely-meeting acquaintances that a constant flow of conversation must be maintained. Carlyle and Tennyson both agreed that the best evening they ever spent together was when they sat voiceless for hours, opening their mouths only to exhale tobacco-smoke; they knew each other so perfectly that they were in absolute harmony; somehow their thoughts traveled from one to the other through the smoky fragrance more swiftly and more clearly than through the medium of words. Mr. Howells said that he and Mark Twain once entered the smoking compartment of a train at Hartford, sat directly facing each other for three hours, and exchanged not a word until they entered the station at New York. Mr. Howells lacked the power of expression through nicotine; but both friends felt no embarrassment, and enjoyed the journey together.

This would be static drama if represented on the stage—and something akin to this is actually accomplished in the plays of Maeterlinck. It is communication through silence—not necessarily between human beings—but between a human being and surrounding imponderable forces.

The "obscurity" of Maeterlinck is unlike the obscurity of those authors whose language is clumsy or involved; his obscurity arises from the fact that he is an individual constantly oppressed by the environment of vast mysteries; and in the simple language of his plays he is forever trying to give to the reader or the spectator that double sense of infinite distance and close imprisonment.

One drama that is usually passed over in discussions of his work, I believe to be one of his most beautiful, most important, and therefore most lasting—*Sœur Béatrice*. This was written in 1901, and came just before that definite change in his manner which was marked the next year by *Monna Vanna*. In *Sœur Béatrice* we have a masterpiece both of literature and of the stage. Yet he himself dismisses it as a trifle.

Not only is this one of the best of Maeterlinck's plays for representation, provided always the setting and actors are adequate, but it comes as near as any other of his dramas to expressing his philosophy—which may be summed up in the one word Love. In *Sœur Béatrice*, *Monna Vanna*, *Joyzelle*, *Mary Magdalene*, *L'Oiseau Bleu*, *The Betrothal*, Love is the fulfillment of the law—

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the final philosophy and religion. It is in this aspect of his work that Maeterlinck comes closest to Browning; for the English poet would have delighted in the story of the Virgin and in the sacrifice made by Monna Vanna.

As everyone has noticed, a definite turning point in Maeterlinck's career occurred in 1902. This was signified by the production of *Monna Vanna* in that year. Up to this time he had been a "literary" dramatist, enjoying a reputation as a man of letters and a philosopher, but not regarded as a practical playwright. But *Monna Vanna* was and is a brilliant stage play, full of contrasts, full of conflict, full of passion, and ending with a marvellous opportunity for the actress. No wonder that its success has always been associated with some woman; for the man who takes the part of Prinzivalle has the thankless and difficult task of remaining on the stage during the third act without saying a word. Like a cinema actor whose happiness and life are at stake, he must continually "register" emotion.

Two problems interested Maeterlinck in this play: Can a woman be physically dishonored and yet spiritually pure? Should a woman sacrifice her "honor" for her country or for the welfare of others, as boldly as she would sacrifice her life? To both of these questions the dramatist gives an unqualified affirmative; in fact, he re-emphasizes the first in *Joyzelle.*

The meaning of *Monna Vanna* ought to be transparently clear, for in this play the author emerged from the veil of symbolism. Yet many have misunderstood it. In two letters to enquirers, Maeterlinck said that Monna Vanna is a true heroine, and old Marco the inspiring genius—he represents the final wisdom of life, having lived long and learned much. Monna Vanna sympathised keenly with her husband's agony in the first act, and still loved him; she would have continued to love him, even after the affecting interview with Prinzivalle; but his stupidity and total lack of confidence in her and in her word finally open her eyes to his meanness. She strives no longer against her growing love for Prinzivalle, and will fly with him to some remote place, where, if destiny permits, she will begin a new and happier life. In this explanation, Maeterlinck used almost the exact words of Ibsen: "She recognises that her marriage has been a lie".

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The first performance of Maeterlinck's *Mary Magdalene* took place in the English language and on the New York stage; it happened at the New Theatre, December 5th, 1910. There were three difficulties: the translation was not very good, the leading actress was miscast, and everyone was reminded of Paul Heyse's play on the same theme, which had been powerfully interpreted in English by Mrs. Fiske. Two points were borrowed from Heyse; and when Maeterlinck wrote to the old German dramatist asking permission to use them, he was refused not only unequivocally but harshly. Then he determined to use them anyway, saying in his preface that one was taken from the New Testament and the other was common stage property—it was, in fact, the ethical problem that we have already seen in *Monna Vanna* and in *Joyzelle*. It seemed at one time to obsess Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck bought an old Norman Abbey near Rouen, where a performance of *Macbeth* attracted wide attention. It was in this romantic and inspiring Abbey of Saint Wandrille—which gave him even more inspiration than he could have hoped for—that he wrote *L'Oiseau Bleu* (which, by the way, should be called in English *The Blue Bird*—never *The Bluebird*). This carried his fame to the remotest parts of the earth, and, unsupported, it is sufficient to carry his fame to remote generations. It is the crown of his life's work, summing up all his best qualities as poet, dramatist, playwright. His early dramas are a greater success in the library than on the stage; *Monna Vanna* is a greater success on the stage than in the library; *L'Oiseau Bleu* is equally great in both places—it is a masterpiece in literature and it is all-conquering in the theatre. It is an original and beautiful play—a distinct contribution to our present glorious age of drama.

When it was ready for the stage, the author sent it to Mr. Stanislavski, the Director of the Artistic Theatre at Moscow. It was played in the Russian language in the year 1908, and from that first night—the world's most exciting *première* since *Cyrano de Bergerac*—it traveled far and fast. It has been given at the Moscow theatre alone over three hundred times; when put on at London, December 8th, 1909, it ran for over three hundred performances, the excitement being so intense that the management was often forced to give twelve presentations every week; when

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it started the second season of the New Theatre in New York, October 1st, 1910, it was the talk of the town.

Like *Peter Pan*, it charmed both young and old. The delight of the children was audible at every performance; but the "deeper joys" of men and women were, if less vocal, even more in evidence. For just as in all his work, Maeterlinck's language is simple and his ideas complex, so *L'Oiseau Bleu* appeals to human beings at every stage in their journey.

So far as *L'Oiseau Bleu* has any philosophy, it is of course pessimism; even in that amazingly beautiful scene—the best in the New York version—the Land of Memory, the pathos arises from the fact that the dead never live at all except when the living think of them; which makes the graveyard, with the exclamation *There are no Dead*, seem as inconsistent as the scene showing that all individuals have a definite existence long before they are born. Furthermore, at the end of the play the Blue Bird disappears; nor did the children need to learn about it, because, at the opening, their delight in the view of their rich neighbors' happiness is quite unshadowed by envy,—a charming episode. But why look for logic in a work of art? Why cloud a thing of beauty by pointing out inconsistencies?

The Betrothal was an agreeable surprise. Naturally and inevitably, it lacked the novelty of *The Blue Bird*, but its inspiration was equally fresh and strong. The interest was steadily maintained, the successive scenes were both beautiful and captivating, and there was the same combination of fresh simplicity and far-reaching imagination. It was even more provocative to thought than *The Blue Bird*, presenting its ideas in a more aggressive and challenging way. The only thing that militates against the success of *The Betrothal* is the enormous cost of the production; even with the theatre packed night after night, it did not meet expenses.

Although here, as in *The Blue Bird*, happiness, if it exists anywhere, is to be found right at home—for the young man, after experimenting with many distant strangers, finally marries his little neighbor—the old bugbear Destiny has nothing to do with it. In the early scenes, Destiny is a colossal figure; he constantly becomes smaller, and finally he is no bigger than a doll, and is

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handled contemptuously by human beings. The Ancestors hold the trumps, and determine the young man's choice of his mate. They are a heterogeneous collection. After seeing this play, one might logically believe that The Blue Blood is as difficult to find as The Blue Bird.

Maeterlinck's war play, *A Burgomaster of Belgium*, was produced in New York in the spring of 1919, and, while it was much better than most war plays, added little to Maeterlinck's reputation. The truly remarkable feature of it is Maeterlinck's aloofness. The play was written during the darkest hours, by a man passionately devoted to his country, and that country was Belgium; yet the presentation of characters and events was so honestly dramatic that many idiots said the piece was "pro-German"!

Maeterlinck has always been a greater writer than philosopher; a greater master of style than of thought. I have ever regarded him as a great teacher, as so many seem to do. It is just as impossible to formulate a universal philosophy as it is to demonstrate the absolute truth of religion. Maeterlinck loves metaphysical speculation; he has studied and reflected much; he knows ancient writers, Flemish mystics, Carlyle and Emerson by heart. He observes life with the minuteness of the scientist and with the imagination of the poet—men and women, animals and flowers. He has not only written about mediæval and modern heroes and heroines, he has written about dogs and bees. Even so, he is more dreamer than interpreter.

But although Maeterlinck is neither a great teacher nor a great philosopher, he is a great writer, a great dramatist, a great artist. The so-called "truths" of philosophy pass away, for they are often mere fashions of thought; every professional philosopher has them in his shop-window; sometimes they are garments covering lifeless blocks; you ask for an idea and you get a phrase; tomorrow the world will all be running after new phrases, which will then be as fashionable as the catchwords of today. But beauty endures forever.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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NATIONALISM IN OUR LITERATURE

BY EARL L. BRADSHER

THE average student of our national life is apt to say that our intellectual Declaration of Independence was declared by Emerson in his oration *The American Scholar* in 1837. "We," said the stalwart American, "have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame." But in no wise can Emerson be said to be the Jefferson of our intellectual independence. His is but a noteworthy contribution to a long series of efforts to throw off the chains of intellectual subserviency which bound us to Europe, a series that began decades before he was born and that was destined not to bear full fruiting until after his death.

As long ago as 1729, faintly, without prescience of its mighty contribution to the world-soul, the spirit of Americanism began to stir in our literature. The three thousand miles of estranging ocean across which European literature filtered with such painful slowness and irritating disregard in quality for our intellectual needs were beginning to exert their potent aid to nationalism. In the Philadelphia *Weekly Mercury* appears the proposal for the famous Busy-Body papers. "The Delay of Ships expected in, and want of fresh Advices from Europe, make it [your paper] frequently very Dull," says the candid would-be contributor. With the editor's permission he begins the series which exerted a powerful influence in bringing to our forefather's attention the fact that America might produce a literature of her own. That discontent without which the soul of the nation could never grow had begun.

It finds an eloquent voice in the pages of another colonial, the gifted Crevecour. Brotherhood, freedom, the sense of opportunity, those salient qualities of Americanism, have never been more surely stressed than in his *Letters from an American Farmer*. "We," he writes, "are the most perfect society now existing in

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the world. Here man is free as he ought to be. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain?" he asks of our beckoning land of opportunity. "In them [the immigrants] the name of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and European is lost," he continues. The very name of this brilliant Frenchman suggests that over him there could be no spell of intellectual subserviency. And the case was the same with so many of that heterogeneous horde which were flocking to our shores. Dutch, Swedes, French, Germans—though they became good Americans they were never servile towards Great Britain, the power which chiefly held us in mental vassalage. The English language was a commercial necessity; but the race consciousness of a dominant people, the traditions of a thousand years, did not sway them with the vague though cosmically massive force that they exerted upon the offsprings of the British Isles. Every intelligent immigrant from the Continent was a clear gain in the struggle for intellectual freedom which was coming.

But only after the Revolution was our struggle for nationalism vitalized by a conscious tenacity of clearly discerned purpose; for only after that period could there arise the feeling that the surrender at Yorktown had not broken, once for all, the bonds of colonial subserviency. Very misleading is Tyler's statement that after the Stamp Act of 1765 our literature was informed by a singleness of commanding idea; for that idea was directed towards a political rather than an intellectual freedom; and much of its manifestation in print can scarcely be dignified by the name of literature. Even Freneau, spokesman of American patriotism as he was, more than once turned his face longingly towards the shores of Europe where poetry might flourish more than it could hope to do in torn and distracted America. Moreover Freneau was too cultured to desire to break away entirely from the rich literary heritage of the past.

By no means wanting, however, were those fiercely independent spirits, sometimes crude in their insistence upon the sufficiency of our land unto herself, who did not view that heritage as an asset. To some the very language in which it was conveyed seemed an almost unsurmountable obstacle to the intellectual

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enfranchisement which they sought. Lowell in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for 1849 turns the irradiation of his scholarly humor upon the subject. "It was even seriously proposed," he writes of the generation following the Revolution, "to have a new language. The existing ones were all too small to contain our literature whenever we should get it. One enthusiast suggested the ancient Hebrew, another a fire-new tongue of his own invention."

Men of no less ability than Walter Channing, writing in 1815, and the famous Scotch scholar Professor Nichol, offering his opinion in the early sixties, believed that America suffered a great misfortune in not having a separate language.

> If the people of the United States had spoken a language of their own—it is probable they would have found originality more easily, without the violence and eccentricities in the midst of which they are beginning to "sign their intellectual Declaration of Independence."

It was the need of a new language that in a greatly softened form was stirring in the brain of Noah Webster, the man who was destined to wield the most potent individual force of the entire struggle. Webster's birth away from a large center of population, where the spirit of British subserviency was always most pronounced, and his education in the classics rather than in modern literatures were powerful aids in fitting him for the rôle which he was to play. Military service in the Revolution prevented him from later acquiring any British habits of thought. The stoppage of school-book importations during that deracinating struggle gave him his first chance; and there appeared the famous *Speller*. The book was not merely a list of words. It was filled with selections whereby Webster sought to stir the spirit of American nationalism. Between the first edition of 1783 and 1874 it is credibly reported that twenty-four million copies of the *Speller* were sold. As late as 1890 the sales were almost one million copies a year. In Webster more clearly than in any one else we can watch the growth of the desire for complete intellectual liberty, and through him see what was more slowly forming in the minds of his most radical contemporaries.

"North America is destined," he says in his first calm beginning, "to be the seat of a people more numerous probably than

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any nation now existing with the same vernacular language. It would be little honorable to the founders of a great empire to be hurried prematurely into errors and corruptions by the mere force of authority." Beside this passage one should set the following written by him some thirty-three years later. Not for himself alone is Webster speaking therein. His is the authentic voice of the most intellectually progressive part of his generation. All over the country men were arriving at the point where they reflected the tone in which he speaks.

> My mind revolts at the reverence for foreign authors. . . . There is nothing which so debases the genius and character of my countrymen as the implicit confidence they place in English authors.

After such passages as these, which find an echo in the pages of many contemporaries of less importance, it is idle to say that our intellectual Declaration of Independence was declared by Emerson as late as 1837. But for our intellectual leaders to declare independence was one thing: to bring the American public in general to a point where they would take a patriotic pride in their own authors and have that pride acknowledged by European critics as a just and praiseworthy attitude was an entirely different matter. Long and often desperate was the struggle destined to be.

That our infant literature was not strangled in the cradle was due largely to Webster's untiring efforts to secure a copyright law in each of the original sovereign thirteen States. Up to the International Copyright Law of 1891, the struggle of American authors against being undersold by cheap pirated reprints and translations of European writers was tragic enough. But had not Webster succeeded in getting some sort of copyright bills passed by the various States, authorship in America would have been hopeless. In all probability the United States would have acted under the Federal Constitution only after great delay; and in the meanwhile our intellectual colonialism would have deepened with the lapse of time. It was Webster, too, who convinced a fettered age that American might differ from British orthography without blushing for itself as a degraded patois. And every change which he made, encouraging others, encouraged also the printing of books in this country. "A *national language*

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is a band of *national union,*" he writes. "Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country *national.* . . . However they may boast of independence, and the freedom of their government, yet their *opinions* are not sufficiently independent."

The most efficient coadjutors Webster had in his attempt to Americanize our education and our literature were Morse, Barnes, Anthon, Channing, Paulding, Neal, and Kirkland. As a rule the country towns were at least indifferent in the matter, but in general the larger ones were more or less hostile to any American innovations. Especially prone to deal harshly with all literary and linguistic efforts that did not measure up to what they considered the perfection of British models were the *Anthology* of Boston, the *Evening Post* of New York, and the *Gazette of the United States* and the *Port-Folio* of Philadelphia. The influence exerted by the ultra-conservative *Port-Folio* was unusually powerful. After the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was established in 1815 new influence began to make itself felt in the struggle. Three of its editors, William Tudor, John G. Palfrey, and James Russel Lowell were especially active in aiding to inculcate a spirit of true Americanism.

The War of 1812, though it forever set to rest any lingering doubt that may have existed concerning the finality of our political entity, marked no important stage in our intellectual freedom. However, in the year following its close there begins in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a series of book reviews in which it is hard to resist the conviction that the editor is trying to foster the spirit of Americanism, and two important articles by Walter Channing are published. Channing mourns the lack of a new language and of a past rich in the colorful legend of romance. The crude, familiar newness of our country is, he thinks, an insurmountable barrier to the production of the highest form of literature.

Our earliest verse anthologies cast much light upon the slow growth of an American interest in American literary productions. The first one, projected in 1773, never appeared. In 1791 was issued an anthology in part American, to be followed in 1793 by the first one completely so. But it reached only one volume,

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though the original plan called for several. Not until 1829 did a publisher dare to count upon such public interest as would justify a venture of three small volumes.

Many of our forefathers of the early nineteenth century believed with unshaken firmness that Great Britain, beaten twice militarily, had consciously planned to keep us intellectually subservient. That appalling question of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" has come ringing down the decades; but equally famous three generations ago were his two sentences of 1818:

> Why should Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come.

Wrathful answers to these two passages reverberate through the literature of our country for more than a generation; and at least one of our men-of-letters, John Neal, rushed to Great Britain to vindicate his countrymen by securing entrance into those citadels of British conservatism themselves, the reviews of London and Edinburgh. But, alas, the attitude of the brilliant Englishman found servile reflection in the minds of by far too many of our countrymen. Speaking of the period of about 1820, Goodrich, publisher and author of repute, says that the impression prevailed generally that we could never have a literature. Not because he was an unknown writer, but because he was an American one, was the fiery and headstrong Cooper forced by his publisher to write the last paragraphs of *The Spy* and have them printed and paged before he had even planned the body of the novel. No wise publisher took long chances upon an American author. "We dare not form a judgment upon a narrative of scenes that have passed under our own eyes, or express an opinion upon the merit of a picture at our own firesides, until it has been tried in the ordeal of Edinburgh or London criticism" is the remark, broadly truthful, of an American in 1817.

But strong forces, both personal and national, were at work to bring the dawn of a new day. All in the next year we find Paulding and President Kirkland of Harvard rebelling and Bryant pleading for poise. Like some later occupants of presidential chairs, President Kirkland may have invited his faculty to pub-

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lish more frequently. At any rate he begs that it may not be said, "as it was many years ago, that our best botanical researches are published in Paris, our best geography in Hamburg, our law all in London, and our physics and divinity lugged together from Germany, from England, and from France."

Necessarily, progress towards intellectual enfranchisement was slow as long as leadership was held by the generation which had passed its plastic years in loyal adherence to British literary traditions. At first our most promising young men were educated, as a rule, in Europe. From 1759 to 1782 one hundred and fourteen Americans were admitted to practice in British law courts. The humanities, medicine, and divinity would probably make a very similar showing. However loyal politically these young men might be to the country of their birth, at best theirs would be but a divided allegiance intellectually. But by 1825 a new generation had arrived, alien to the influences that had produced such powerful Loyalist writers as Leonard, Seabury, Boucher, and Galloway.

The Napoleonic wars turned us away from France. The Holy Alliance was viewed with deep distrust. The Monroe Doctrine was a clear enunciation of our growing self-assurance. The Federalist party, pro-British in its sympathies, social, political, and literary, often on the part of its leaders allied to British houses by marriage, was losing its leadership; while the raw Jacksonianism of the aggressive West was gaining prestige at the expense of the more Europeanized Atlantic seaboard. Indirectly perhaps, but subtly, all-pervasively, irresistibly, these forces were moulding a new Americanism of mind and soul.

The obsession that American men-of-letters must win the approval of British critics died hard; and pathetic indeed at times were our efforts. Somewhere about 1814 there began on the part of some of our authors a curious attempt to flank the critical enemy, every direct attack having failed. A writer in the *Port-Folio* of 1824, says:

> Well convinced that the prejudices of the British critics were too strong to be conquered by any direct attempt, they determined to leave the island of Great Britain to itself, and turned their attention to other nations of Europe, particularly Germany and France. They justly thought that when

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once our books should be known and appreciated by the learned men of the European continent, those of Great Britain would not stand single but would follow their example.

This attempt at a literary *entente cordiale* was successful, especially so in the case of Germany. Two journals were established in this country to further the project, and one devoted exclusively to American affairs was published at Leipsic. Our forefathers must have looked upon this phase of the battle as won when a combined history and anthology of our literature, a large octavo of four hundred and thirty-four double-columned, closely-printed pages, was issued at Braunschweig in 1854. Hardly less responsive to our approaches was France. *La Revue Encyclopedique* featured the review of our books; while at Paris in 1842 an American reading room was established, which served as a center for dissemination of knowledge relative to our intellectual life. Emboldened by our successes on the Continent, a New York house set up a book shop in London in 1838, to be followed three years later by a second one.

The last notable wail at our colonialism in literature is uttered in 1844 through the columns of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, where so many battles of the long contest had been fought. Whipple, once the most heeded of American critics, writes:

> We begin to sicken of the custom, now so common, of presenting our best poems to the attention of foreigners. If the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks well of an American production, we think that we can praise it ourselves, without incurring the reproach of bad taste.

After Whipple such passages become very infrequent. Conscious of growing power, with eyes turned westward and southward where domestic problems were calling insistently for a solution, we were giving less and less heed to European criticism. The old generation had passed completely away; and what few Americans were educated abroad, more mature in years than formerly, returned, as in the case of Ticknor and Longfellow, not Anglicized but Americans still, though laden with the culture of the Continent. Even in the days of our political nonage we had sent abroad men of genius. Copley, Stuart, West, Rumford, and Carver had been succeeded by Irving, Neal, Willis, Haw-

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thorne, and Story. Our theologians stood second to none. Franklin, Rittenhouse, the Bartrams, Wilson, Cleaveland, Bigelow, Nuttall, and Audubon had won us fame in science. Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Allston, and Leslie, besides those other painters just mentioned, had given us assurance in pictorial art.

However deeply it may have been marked at times by provincial narrowmindedness and lack of culture, as a whole the struggle was characterized by the high idealism of forward-reaching minds. And here it might seem that this sketch of a nation from its first dim stirrings of self-consciousness to the fulness of intellectual maturity might end. But one great force antagonistic to the complete development of American nationalism has not yet been touched upon. By 1850 men believed that we could, and should, and in a measure did, have a literature. But the inert forces of purblind selfishness were in powerful opposition to it. It is necessary that we return to that stirring second decade of the last century and touch upon the tragic struggle for an international copyright.

In the first two or three decades of our political freedom it was probably best for us that we should have no such law, though some few authors had already begun to suffer. But when the novels of Scott, each new one watched for out at sea by boats of eager publishers and exciting more national attention than had dynasty-crumbling battles of the Napoleonic wars, began to appear at regular intervals, the need for protection of American authors became strikingly apparent. And when the pen of the great Scotchman was stilled, Dickens, James, Marryat, Lytton and others filled the gap. Against the deluge of cheap and enormously popular reprints which the pirated works of these men furnished, American authors were forced to carry on a long, poverty-haunted struggle. So efficient became the exploitation of European literature that by 1834 Palfrey could write: "Here is a weekly periodical, consisting of sixteen large quarto pages, well printed on fair paper, and sold for six cents a number. The two first numbers exhibit the whole of Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*." It was but mere chance that the two titles were not the very latest popular successes. And this was but one such journal out of many. American

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authors were driven to despair. Irving in the middle of his career found himself without a publisher; Hawthorne well into his forties was practically penniless; Simms declared it was to his interest to become a British citizen, while Cooper made life a burden to at least one publisher with his complaints of inadequate financial returns. In fiction, especially, more than one writer was driven from literature entirely. Such, very briefly, were the positive effects of the lack of an international copyright law.

So far as the fostering of an American spirit through the reading of our people is concerned, the negative effect was even more disastrous. When Bryant, Gay, Putnam, Lowell, and others began their long fight which culminated in the International Copyright Law of 1891, one of their most insistent arguments in favor of such a law was that it would encourage the national spirit of America. How, they argued, could Americans, especially the youth of our land, saturate themselves in that eager age of reading with European literature so totally at variance, socially, morally, spiritually, from our own life without becoming in the very fiber of their beings less American than they should be? European life is not our life; European problems are not our problems; European ideals are not our ideals. Insistently, tinged often with despair, runs such reasoning through those gloomy years of struggle from 1837 to 1891. Though from the very nature of the case no figures can be given to show how greatly the Europeanization of our reading held back the development of our intellectual and spiritual national solidarity, it must have been very great. That American authors finally triumphed over all these adverse conditions, and that they never ceased to inculcate the spirit of true Americanism, proves the tenacity of purpose and the spirit of high idealism which inspired them.

EARL L. BRADSHER.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WAGNER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

MUSIC'S Song of Songs is now being heard again in the land, after a three-years' silence enforced upon it by the drums and tramplings of twenty-one warring nations. We mean, of course, Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde,* which was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House in the first week of the current season, where it had been unheard since 1917. It is likely to stay in the repetoire until the next war destroys us all, for the quite simple reason that the musical public has demonstrated that it will not endure any more seasons without Wagner; and it particularly clamors for *Tristan.* Is it possible that *Zaza* and *La Juive* had ceased to comfort us for the absence of *Tristan* and *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* and *Meistersinger?* To be sure, the Metropolitan dutifully boiled Miss Ponselle in a cauldron of the best Oriental oil on the opening night of the season, and Mrs. Farrar-Tellegen zazaed as of yore at the fourth convening of the faithful. But, to the joy of all suburban Wagnerites, Mr. Gatti-Casazza threw the key to Tristan and Isolde's moonlit garden into the communal lap of the Saturday matinée contingent, and boundless was the consequent happiness of Flushing and East Orange and New Rochelle.

Wagner's transcendent lovers are singing to each other this season in the alleged "English" of the Corder translation (amended, as we shall later explain). But Mr. Gatti-Casazza has been so temerarious as to prophesy in Mr. Key's *Musical Digest* that next season his company may possibly sing the text to which the music was composed,—so that we shall no longer have to imagine Isolde hailing Tristan as "Faithless enfolder!"—which is the best that the accomplished John P. Jackson was able to contrive as an equivalent for Wagner's "*Treulozer Holder*" (Mr. Alfred Forman, who had no dread of sibilants, hit upon the

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inspired equivalent of "Faithlessly fondest!") For the present, no doubt, we shall have to content ourselves with the desperate and piteous makeshifts of the English translators—which yield us ineffable things like the phrases we have quoted, and like the following matchless felicity, out of the standard Corder translation, which was devised to be sung by poor Isolde to the music of the *Liebestod:*

Passion swelling,
all things telling,
gently bounding,
from him sounding,
in me pushes,
upward rushes
trumpet tone
that round me gushes.

We say, "supposed to be sung": for, frankly, we do not know what kind of English really *is* sung in the Metropolitan's present version, for the excellent reason that we could not distinguish more than a dozen phrases in the course of the four-hour performance. We understand that Mr. Sigmund Spaeth, an accomplished literary craftsman, was engaged by the Metropolitan to exert some civilizing influence upon the unspeakable barbarisms of the Corder text. But we have not been able to obtain the text of Mr. Spaeth's revision, and, as we said, we heard almost nothing of the language that was sung on the stage. We have no idea—for example—what Mr. Spaeth has done with the famous Corder version of King Mark's despairing cry: "*Die kein Himmel erlöst, warum mir diese Hölle?*"—which the Corders translated as "Why in hell must I bide without hope of a heaven?" We have no idea, because we could not hear the words sung by Mr. Blass as King Mark. As for Mme. Matzenauer, a superb and thrilling Isolde, musically and dramatically, her "English" was, for us, non-existent.

On the whole, it makes little difference. Of course it is important to hear the words of Isolde's narrative in the first act, and the words of Tristan's invitation to Isolde, in the second act, to come and die with him—if one is unfamiliar with the text. But it is possible to memorize the significance of the speeches from preliminary study, and this is all that is needful. It should

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suffice for the opera-goer until such time as he can listen to the German of the original text without spiritual discomfort, when he will probably realize how indissolubly Wagner has wedded his words to his music, and will arrive at the inescapable conclusion that music written to express a particular set of words cannot possibly be made to express a quite different set of words; for the musical accent will unavoidably, time and again, fall upon the wrong words or the wrong syllables. Furthermore, the musical setting of a text is inseparably bound up with the particular genius of the language used by the composer. Tristan's "*Ach, Isolde! wie schön bist du!*," easily convertible into English though it is, loses something definite and irreplaceable as soon as one attempts to turn it into any other language than German. And one must pity no less the plight of the translator confronted with the reiterated "*petit père*" of the child Yniold in *Pelléas et Mélisande*—"dearest father" is the best that the ingenious Mr. Chapman could do with it.

But, fortunately, the words of an operatic text are, for the most part, negligible: with Wagner, their essence is in the emotional and dramatic curve of the musical declamation, and in the miraculous underscoring of the orchestral commentary. It is Wagner the musician who counts; not Wagner the deviser of texts —even though one must take account of the fact that Wagner the composer has lately encountered the displeasure of certain critical apostates who have heard him too often and loved him too much.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice, Mr. Winkle endeavored to obtain prompt help by running at full speed across the countryside shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice. Is it by such an expedient—undeniably inspired and effective—that our enthusiastic Contra-Wagnerites (quite apart from nationalistic considerations) are today slyly seeking to attract support to Richard the First? It is now the critical mode to regard Wagner as essentially a man of the theatre—"cursed by a craze for applause and shekels". Even the magnanimous James Huneker (whose words we have just quoted) has lately, with stern patibulary gestures, strung up poor Richard before the world. Yes: Wagner—Wagner the composer—is dead; he died, they say, even before the war. An overrated mediocrity, he has gone

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the sunset way. We weep for Adonaïs. Yet, as we cut him down and shovel the clods upon his once imperial form, let us venture a few memorial tributes. First, let us insinuate that this "man of the theatre", this applause-hungry writer of "footlight music", with his mind on the possibilities of dramatic effect and his eye ever on the audience, achieved, as an amazing result, the invention of music which, at its most characteristic, is so utterly untheatrical, so intolerable a strain upon the attention of the average opera-goer, that his victims flee from such passages in dismay and disgust, or else sit through them yawning miserably behind their programmes.

It is surely one of the hugest anomalies of aesthetic history that the reproach of "theatricalism" should be aimed at the brooding and profound psychologist who wrote Tristan's long death-scene, which ninety-nine out of a hundred opera-goers cannot endure without exquisite boredom—a thing so fathomless in its tragic beauty, so overwhelming in its conveyence of human suffering, that those who care most deeply for music as an instrument of expression can never dislodge the memory of it from their ears and hearts. This musician whose prime concern was with the souls of men and women and the adventures of clouds and winds; to whom the woods and fields, as to Richard Feverel, shouted golden shouts; who loved the drama of the mountain-tops, and sang to the rising sun with the exuberant delight that is aroused in most opera-composers only by the contemplation of betrayed sopranos and the lethal activities of bloodthirsty baritones—this musician was often so lacking in theatrical shrewdness, so careless, time after time, of theatrical effect, that his most typical creations are becoming less and less tolerable as dramas and more and more welcomed as excerpts in the concert-room, where their incomparable eloquence as music can work its effect free from the encumbrances laid in its path by Wagner the dramatist.

Wagner—*Il est mort*, as Maurice Rollinat sang:

> . . . Mais sous les cieux froids,
> Aussitôt que la nuit se trame,
> Toujours, tout au fond de mon âme,
> Là, dans le coin des vieux effrois,
> J'entends gémir, comme autrefois,
> Sa cornemuse.

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That immortal piping haunts some hearts as it haunts the music of the third act of *Tristan:* the saddest and most beautiful music in the world, for a few—are they a dwindling and benighted clan? Perhaps. And yet that pipe has called the tune for much of what we know as contemporary music. All our admirable "moderns" have danced to it. They are dancing to it yet.

Wagner "a man of the theatre"!—this composer who stupidly or indifferently threw over the chance for a magnificent dramatic "effect" at the end of the love duo in the second act of *Tristan* for the sake of letting the injured and kingly spouse utter his grief in music of matchless dignity and pathos; thus cruelly delaying the action and putting to sleep all those in the audience except that lonely handful who love noble and affecting music more than they do theatrical "effect". Wagner "a man of the theatre"!—this wonderful music-maker but witless dramaturge who contrived not only the misguided soliloquy of Mark and the delirious *longueurs* of Tristan, but the endless recapitulations of Wotan and Gurnemanz, the nationalistic exhortations of Hans Sachs: why, Puccini, Mascagni, Massenet, Fevrier, Wolf-Ferrari, and a score of other opera-makers could have taken this bungling theatrical craftsman aside and taught him a dozen tricks of the stage. But only Bach and Beethoven could have taught him any secrets of majestic or lovely musical speech that he did not know—and they could not have taught him much. For, after all, there is nothing in Bach that surpasses, for polyphonic grandeur, the finale of *Götterdämmerung.* There is no Adagio of Beethoven's that surpasses, for grave sublimity of utterance, the music of the scene wherein Waltraute describes to Brünnhilde the majestic sorrow of the gods; and, finally, there is nothing in all music that equals, for sustained and passionate beauty, the three acts of *Tristan and Isolde.*

What, you wonder, *could* they have taught him?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MARGOT SHOWS HER MEDALS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

By sea or by land, I swear you will far go
Before you can hit on a double for Margot

THUS wrote the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone in 1889 to Miss Margot Tennant, in her twenty-fifth year. It is not fantastic to suppose that there may be many in England to-day who would admit, with some hint of passion, the fact therein asserted. Five years before Miss Tennant won this very handsome posy from Mr. Gladstone, she had compelled from Lord Tennyson a still more memorable attention. Miss Tennant was then twenty years old; but that did not estop the Laureate from pulling her (the verb is Miss Tennant's) on to his knee and reading *Maud* to her. He began, relates Miss Tennant, "Birds in the high Hall-garden", but, apparently relenting, he skipped the next four sections, and went on to: "I have led her home, my love, my only friend." When he had finished, he remarked with admirable generosity that "many have written as well as that, but nothing that ever sounded so well".

Miss Tennant could not speak. It was a fortunate inhibition; for Lord Tennyson proceeded to tell her of the unhappy experience suffered by a former occupant of his illustrious knee. It appears to have been the Laureate's habit to pull young women upon his lap and read *Maud* to them until they became either speechless or incautiously articulate. Miss Tennant's predecessor, it seems, had been listening to a reading by the poet of the lines:

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

[1] *Margot Asquith: An Autobiography.* In Two Volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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"I asked her", said Tennyson, "what bird she thought I meant. She said, 'A nightingale'. This made me so angry that I nearly flung her to the ground: 'No, fool! . . . Rook!' said I".

It was hardly kind. But at least the blundering damsel escaped the infliction that fell upon the speechless Miss Tennant in the form of an original poem written for her by Lord Tennyson—a tribute to Scott. It has never, we are assured, been published. Here it is:

SIR WALTER

O great and gallant Scot,
True gentleman, heart blood and bone
I would it had been my lot
To have seen you, and heard you, and known!

—Tennyson

[There is nothing in the manner of Mrs. Asquith's reproduction of this "tribute" to indicate that it is intended to be taken other than seriously.]

The Tennyson family seem to have impressed Miss Tennant as being insufficiently maculate. Lord Tennyson was "a magnificent creature to look at" (having also, as Meredith said of him to Miss Tennant, "the feminine hint to perfection"); but he accused Miss Tennant of thinking him "untidy and dirty." Miss Tennant countered by saying she thought he was "very handsome". She writes somewhat less cautiously of the poet's second son, Lionel Tennyson, who "had an untidy appearance, a black beard, and no manners. He sang German beer-songs in a lusty voice and wrote good verses".

The double package of dynamite which the wife of a former Prime Minister of Great Britain has just exploded under the drawing-rooms of England, in the form of this two-volume autobiography, should move all members of the literary bomb-squad to examine with respect what is left of the container. Those who are disposed to treat with modified gravity the deliverances of Mrs. Asquith,—once Miss Margot Tennant, but henceforth in these admiring repercursions to be known as "Margot",—should ponder the lady's testimony to the effect that John Addington Symonds "besought" her to write, and said to her these words: "You have *l'oreille juste*, and I value your literary judgment",

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He compared her to Marie Bashkirtseff: "You and she, detached from the forest of life, seem to me like leaves plucked from the same sort of tree"—a sobering opinion, when one learns that Symonds placed Marie Bashkirtseff as a literary artist above—"far above"—"the laborious beetle-flight of Henry James; above even George Meredith."

Margot has no intention of letting us forget that she must be viewed against a Literary Background. This Background juts up majestically on many pages of the Autobiography. At Davos, in 1885, she read, with Symonds, "the *Republic* and all the Plato Dialogues; Swift, Voltaire, Browning, Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe, and Symonds's own *Renaissance.*" Against this elaborately illuminated Background you perceive Margot triumphantly silhouetted, with her detractors ignominiously disappearing into the wings—as when, one night at Lady Londonderry's, she routed her foes as Don Quixote dispersed the host of the great Emperor Alifonfaron.

It is not likely that Margot has ever blushed,—though she tells us that her husband, the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, was "a little *gauche* in movement and blushed when he was praised", though he was "not precisely shy". When she met him first at a dinner in the House of Commons he was "abominably dressed", but Margot forgave him because of his impressive conversation and his "clean Cromwellian face". They were married on May 10th, 1894, and Mr. Bennett's *New York Herald* published a dreadful woodcut of the bridegroom, referring handsomely to the "remarkable position won by Miss Tennant in the heart of an unusually brilliant and competitive society".

Remarkable indeed! For thirty years Margot has known everybody in England who was in the smallest degree worth knowing—has not only known them, but has sat at their dinner-tables or on their knees, and has sassed them when she felt like it; and she often felt like it. She did as she pleased with Gladstone, Randolph Churchill, Morley, Chamberlain, Balfour, Rosebery, Salisbury, Haldane, Birrell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Jowett, Lyall, Harcourt. She does not tell us that she joshed Edward VII and Alexandra; but she declined to dance a cotillion with Edward (who was then Prince of Wales), because it would

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"bore her father stiff" to stay and wait for her. Edward confided to her that he "had had a dull youth, as Queen Victoria could not get over the Prince Consort's death and kept up an exaggerated mourning. He said he hoped that when I met his mother I should not be afraid of her, adding, with a charming smile, that with the exception of John Brown, everybody was". It does not appear that Margot was afraid of the Queen, who took a lively interest in Margot's confinement, "sending messengers constantly to ask after me". Margot was dauntless enough to answer her once in a pencilled note, perhaps forgetting the Queen's stern insistence upon form—she once rebuked someone who had failed to refer with sufficient particularity to the Duchess of Connaught as "*Her Royal Highness*, the Duchess of Connaught" —"to distinguish her," explained the Queen, "from ordinary Duchesses".

Those were indeed glamorous days,—those days when Margot was in her prime. She is almost sixty now. But she remembers and mourns for the days of the great English beauties—when photographs of the Princess of Wales (with the unforgettable "bang" and tiarra and diamond collar), of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. West, and Lady Dudley, drew crowds to the shop-windows; when great and conventional aristocrats like old Lady Cadogan climbed upon an iron chair in the Park to see Lily Langtry walk past. Ah, those radiant Helens of the 'eighties!—when, as Margot assures us, "London worshipped beauty as the Greeks did". Margot has lived to witness the Twilight of the Goddesses. There is no one in London today, she laments, whose promenade would impel anyone to climb on an iron chair in the Park—"no one with enough beauty or temperament to provoke a fight in Rotten Row between gentlemen of high society. . . . London society is neither better nor worse than it was in the 'eighties; there is less loyalty, perhaps, among groups of friends; but where all the beauty has gone I cannot think."

Well, one has Mr. Henry James' word for it (in a quoted letter to "My Dear Margot Asquith") that Margot possesses a "singularly searching vision". "This [he observed of the "wonderful diary" she had shown him] and your extraordinary fulness of opportunity, make of the record a most valuable English document,

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a rare revelation of the human inwardness of political life in this country, and a picture of manners and personal characters as 'creditable' on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority, that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much, and that, having so the chance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid, but have faced and assimilated and represented for all you're worth".

No: Margot hasn't been in the least afraid.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, at Geneva,—the Council also, of course, meeting—commanded world-wide attention; which it unquestionably deserved, not alone for what it was but also for what it disclosed and for what it actually did. Any official gathering of the representatives of more than two-score nations, for any purpose, would be of interest. In this case the interest was enhanced, on most practical grounds, by the prompt revelation of a radical divergence of opinion between the Assembly and the Council. The latter manifested a determination to exercise at least equal authority with the Council, and to resist the notion that it is a mere debating society while the Council is the real power of the League. It insisted that the interest of the entire League in the "mandates" for administering conquered territories should be recognized, and made a vigorous demand for publicity in all the doings of the Council; the Council, on the other hand, wishing to conduct all its deliberations in secret, and afterward disclose concerning them only so much as it saw fit to publish in a *proces verbal.* Interest culminated in the act of the Council in promptly providing for the formation of an international police force, or "army of the League", and ordering it into action to keep the peace and supervise the plebiscite between Poland and Lithuania. This military force was to use the Free City of Dantzig as its base of operations and supplies, and take the field on December 1. The Council ordered it to be composed of British, French, Spanish, Belgian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish and Norwegian contingents. These States were directed to bear themselves the expenses of the campaign, to be reimbursed by the League when it got the funds, and the League in turn to be repaid by either Poland or Lithuania, according to which won the plebiscite. Not the least interesting feature of this arrangement was the fact that five neutral Powers were thus summoned to take part in the military

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settlement of the issues of a war in which they had not been engaged.

A cogent and forceful note was sent by the American Secretary of State to the British Foreign Minister, insisting upon an "open door and equality of opportunity" for this country in the commercial and industrial exploitation of the territories over which the League of Nations gave mandates to various Powers; asserting the principle that the mandates invested the Powers not with ownership but with mere trusteeship, which must be impartially exercised. The immediate occasion of this strong representation was the desire of this Government for equal rights with the British Government in the oil fields of Mesopotamia, but its principles and arguments apply to all the former enemy territories taken over by the Allies. The mandates ordered by and now effective under the League of Nations are as follows: To Great Britain—German East Africa, 384,000 square miles; Palestine, 9,000 square miles; Mesopotamia, 250,000 square miles. To the Union of South Africa,—German Southwest Africa, 322,000 square miles. To Australia—Kaiser Wilhelm Land, New Britain, and other German islands south of the Equator. To New Zealand—the Samoan Islands. To France—The German Cameroons, 269,759 square miles; Togoland, 21,892 square miles; Syria, 106,670 square miles. To Japan—The Caroline, Ladrone, Marshall, Pelew and other islands north of the Equator. Thus the British Empire takes under its administration 1,050,000 square miles, or more than one-third the area of the United States; France 398,391 square miles, an area half as large again as the State of Texas; and Japan only 800 square miles, or two-thirds of the area of Rhode Island. But the islands which Japan takes form a gigantic quarter-circle off the eastern coasts of the Philippines, a barrier between the Philippines and America.

The Navy Department has been investigating the "indiscriminate killing" of Haitians by American Marines; which it was incumbent upon it to do, and which was all it was competent to do. But it is still more incumbent upon some other authority, presumptively Congress, to conduct a still more important in-

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quest into our Government's alleged coercion and practical subversion of the government of Haiti. The President of Haiti himself regards the latter work as by far the more important of the two. The work of the Marines he considers to have been generally beneficent; though marked with some excesses. At worst, the "indiscriminate killings" were murders of individuals, while for Mr. F. D. Roosevelt or any other American to write a new Constitution for Haiti and for it then to be imposed upon that country at the point of the bayonet, was potential murder of the national independence and integrity of the Republic. Some of those who now seek to defend our Administration's course in Haiti were vehement in condemnation of what they called the tyranny of the "Platt Amendment" in Cuba. Yet we are now imposing far more stringent restrictions upon Haitian self-government, without the warrant, which we had in Cuba, of more than half a century of practical and efficient protectorate.

Three months ago, Eleutherios Venizelos was enviously regarded as not only the greatest statesman Greece had produced in a thousand years and the man who had done more for the welfare, progress and greatness of that country than any other in modern times, but also as the one who had gained most for his country, at least cost, from the World War. To-day he is defeated, discredited, and in practical exile. Comments, more or less trite, are that "Republics are ungrateful"—Greece, though a monarchy, being one of the most democratic countries of Europe—and that he shares the fate of Aristides the Just. In these there is truth. Perhaps more to the point is the fact that the Greeks have at heart all along been largely pro-German and share in great degree the animosity of their Jugo-Slav neighbors against the Latin Powers with which Mr. Venizelos was in close accord and sympathy. The most direct practical result of the great Minister's downfall was the acute raising of the question of the succession to the throne; the adversaries of Mr. Venizelos being in favor of restoring King Constantine, or of choosing one of his sons who would be under his influence, a course strongly disapproved by France and only less strongly by her allies.

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The expected does sometimes happen. When national prohibition was enacted there were those who—some dolorously, some exultantly—predicted that it would soon be followed by other still more extremely restrictive measures, savoring of the old "blue laws." Such expectations have not waited long for fulfilment. It is now made known that most of the same organizations which were the protagonists of prohibition are organizing a similar nation-wide campaign for Puritanical Sabbatarianism; to include the prohibition of all diversions, of newspapers, mails, railroad trains, automobiling, etc., on the first day of the week. In view of the success of prohibition, he would be hopelessly rash who regarded this design as impossible of achievement; or even its logical corollary, a law compelling, under penalty, attendance at church. The promoters of this measure seem not to recognize the incongruity of advancing it simultaneously with the tercentenary of the founding of a State wherein there should be "*freedom* to worship God".

Mr. Lloyd George's essay at Home Rule differs radically from his earlier one, and from that of Mr. Gladstone years before. Mr. Gladstone thirty-five years ago worked in accord with the chosen leaders of the Irish people and sought to enact a plan which he was assured would be acceptable to the great majority of them. Mr. George did the same, seven years ago. Now a measure has been prepared without any Irish coöperation, but against the strong opposition of the majority of the Irish people, and with absolute assurance that it will not generally be regarded as acceptable, but will have to be imposed upon the island by force, as though it were another Coercion Act; and its passage through Parliament has been accompanied by immeasurably the most serious state of civil war that Ireland has known since the Rebellion of 1798. Pernicious efforts have been made to involve America in the struggle by organized attacks of Irish sympathizers upon the British flag when publicly displayed in New York and elsewhere, and by attempts to interfere with and discredit the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. The violence and malignance of these efforts have, however, recoiled upon their authors, and have

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deprived the Irish cause of some sympathy which it might otherwise have won.

Among what may be called the by-products of the late election it is gratifying to observe the generous appropriations which were made by various States for improved roads. Eight States voted decisively for large grants for that purpose, seven of them doing so for the first time, and five of them providing bond issues therefor of an aggregate of $192,000,000, while another approved a grant of $50,000,000 already provided for. A dozen other States had in the preceding two years voted $272,800,000 for road-building, so that considerably more than half a billion dollars will next year be available or will have been partly spent for improved roads. It is superfluous to enlarge upon the wisdom of this work. Good roads are among the greatest material needs of the United States. Their general construction, on judiciously arranged plans, would do much to relieve the over-pressure on the railroads, and would immeasurably promote the economic welfare as well as the convenience of the people.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK: An Autobiography. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In his early life there was little or nothing that especially prepared Edward Bok to be the editor of a great magazine for women. As a boy, it is true, he got a first-hand knowledge of house-work, for he and his brother were obliged to give up their play time after school in order to help their mother sweep and scrub and prepare the evening meal. He was Dutch, too, and the Dutch have never despised the day of little things. But these circumstances, though interesting, cannot be thought of as determining his career. Moreover, Bok, while he could not be said to dislike women, had certainly no special liking for them. His instinctive attitude toward them was that of avoidance. "When Bok succeeded Mrs. Curtis [as editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*] he immediately encountered another popular misconception of a woman's magazine—the conviction that if a man is the editor of a periodical with a distinctly feminine appeal, he must, as the term goes, 'understand women'. If Bok had believed this to be true, he would never have assumed the position."

The popular conception of him during his years of editorship—a conception diligently fostered by more or less friendly paragraphers, whom Bok, with an eye to publicity, allowed for a long time to have their way with him—was of a man something like Samuel Richardson, the maiden aunt—shall we say?—of the English novel. "Surely," says Professor William Lyon Phelps, "if it were ever given to any man to know the windings of a woman's heart it was to Richardson." This could not be said of Bok. His successes were all won in a thoroughly masculine way, and his failures were due to ignorance of feminine instinct. In the matter of aigrettes and of Paris dressmakers he failed with the women, because, as a woman friend frankly told him, he was attempting to fight something that he did not understand: he tried to win by the sort of appeal that would have been certainly successful with men—and he failed. It is just possible that Richardson or Rousseau might have succeeded in such attempts, but not Bok.

Richardson says of himself: "I was not more than thirteen, when three . . . young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their love letters." Bok, one gathers, if similarly appealed to, would have run away—at thirteen, or at thirty. In fact, the originator of the "Ruth Ashmore" department was appalled when he received the first installment of confidential letters from girl

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correspondents. After glancing at two or three of these missives taken from the top of the heap, he hurried off for counsel and help to a woman friend.

If one looks for the secret of Edward Bok's success, one finds at first just the old rules, time-honored and trite, that every successful man refers to in explaining his achievements—industry, economy, preparation, an eye for opportunities, a moderate amount of push and an unlimited amount of perseverance. At twenty-one, "he had already done a prodigious amount of work for a boy of his years. He was always busy. Every spare moment of his evenings was devoted either to writing his literary letter, to the arrangement or editing of articles for his newspaper syndicate, to the steady acquirement of autograph letters in which he still persisted, or to helping Mr. Beecher in his literary work." Like every self-made man, he obtained his first job at a very tender age and worked for fifty cents a week. Has not all this a familiar sound? You may find the same sort of thing in the first volume of the biography of Thomas A. Edison—though not in the life of Samuel Richardson. In this aspect the biography is precisely as instructive as Samuel Smiles on Self Help, though, happily, a great deal more readable.

Fortunately there is a great deal more to be learned from it. Bok was not just the typical old-fashioned American business man always on the make, though he had something in common with the type. Bok was modern. He had "vision". He discovered the meaning of Service—that modern word to conjure with. Thus he made *The Ladies' Home Journal* an institution.

> It was not the printed word that was its chief power: scores of editors who have tried to study and diagnose the appeal of the magazine from the printed page have remained baffled at the remarkable confidence elicited from its readers. They never looked back of the magazine, and therefore failed to discover its secret. Bok went through three financial panics with the magazine, and while other periodicals severely suffered from diminished circulation at such times, *The Ladies' Home Journal* always held its own. Thousands of women had been directly helped by the magazine; it had not remained an inanimate printed thing, but had become a vital need in the personal lives of its readers.

Bok's departments helped his readers in their intimate personal affairs. His experts answered many thousands of inquiries through personal letters: much of what helped most to build and establish circulation never appeared in print at all. On this firm foundation of personal service Bok built up the astounding financial success of his periodical, and he buttressed the structure by publishing some of the best literature of the day.

But there is a subtler reason for Bok's success. No word appears oftener in the man's account of himself than *instinct*. "Edward Bok's instinct never failed him." It prevented him from embarking on a career of Wall Street speculation under the tremendous tutelage of Jay Gould. Success "proved Bok's instinct to be correct as to the public willingness" to accept architectural designs for small homes when the architects and nearly every one else were against him. A "fatal gift of editing"—likewise instinctive—impelled

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him, as a boy, to reject the ornate style of Spencerian handwriting then in vogue in the schools, with the result that unwittingly he worked a reform in teaching.

Instinct, as Falstaff said, with as much truth as wit, is a great matter. It may, to be sure, place a man occasionally in somewhat Falstaffian, or Joseph Andrews-like positions. Few men have it, and fewer still have the nerve to follow it implicitly, because it has a way of making a man somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of his fellow men. Yet Emerson spoke with more truth than in most of his bolder generalizations when he said: "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." The instinct that Emerson meant is not quite the same as conscience or the moral sense, though the two can hardly be separated. Those who narrow its scope narrow themselves. It is not, of course, the same thing as impulse or appetency; those who confuse the two go to wrack and ruin. It is something greater than either. It is what tells a man what he ought to do when other men, despite the proverbial cheapness of advice, will not or more probably can not. It is the inner guide; it is the self-knowledge of Socrates; it is wisdom. Bok had it, and he obeyed it.

The imagination of most persons who have it is an unruly element. Like the wind, it blows where it listeth, or like electricity flows along the path of least resistance, which may be anywhere. The imagination of the wise is not so. It is like water, which flows inevitably to a foreseen destination, finding out openings obvious to all, *after the fact.*

As a boy, Bok was at once instinctive and matter-of-fact. This combination of traits alone made his youthful career possible. A speculative mind would have hampered him. A certain genuineness and naïvete joined to a high degree of practicality, gained him the confidence of Grant, Hayes, Beecher, and other great men, elicited long and valuable letters from General Jubal Early and Jefferson Davis, made possible his successful visit to Boston and his intimate interviews with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phillips Brooks, Longfellow, and Emerson.

A little too much of the academic, a hypersensitive imagination, the unhappy craving of the born thinker to get to the bottom of everything or of the artist to make all things perfect, would have spoiled Bok. A feather's weight more of the practical would have sent him into Wall Street. A little less of the boy and of the canny Dutchman, and his career would have been full of discouraging checks: he would have been too hard to understand: as it was, he was easy to understand, but he understood others. Too much of the simple boy, the naïve young man, of the disposition to rush in where angels fear to tread, and society in its shrinking from the unconventional would have disapproved instead of patronizing him. But instinct blended and controlled the elements in his character, happily various. A clear head, much business sense, a breadth of mind commonly associated with bookish culture, a natural inventiveness or a disposition to attempt what others would not, were all

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regulated and impelled by the profounder instincts that taught Bok what he ought to be. Consequently his imagination travelled, if not always in great channels, invariably in right channels.

His smaller innovations prove the point. He was the real originator of that obvious necessity, the woman's page, and of the scheme of publicity through literary gossip, which all publishers have adopted, though not all with equal intelligence. He it was who first hit upon the device of running magazine departments and serial stories "over into the back"—not perhaps the brightest leaf in his wreath of laurel, yet a thing the practicality of which no one can deny. These things are in themselves as simple as Columbus's famous trick with the egg, and are hidden from the eyes of all but the elect.

But Edward Bok was also a great citizen. His campaign against patent medicines is enough in itself to entitle him to the gratitude of a nation. Still more courageous was his determination, under the encouragement of Lyman Abbott, to air the hitherto forbidden subject of venereal diseases. How much we all owe him for his stand on this subject, it is difficult to estimate, for he worked a change in conventional morality.

After the first articles, "thousands of subscriptions were stopped; advertizers gave notice that they would cancel their accounts; the greatest pressure was placed upon Mr. Curtis to order his editor to cease, and Bok had the grim experience of seeing his magazine, hitherto proclaimed all over the land as a model advocate of the virtues, refused admittance into thousands of homes, and saw his own friends tear the offending pages out of the periodical before it was allowed to find a place on their home tables. But the *Journal* kept steadily on. Number after number contained some article on the subject, and finally such men and women as Jane Addams, Cardinal Gibbons, Margaret Deland, Henry van Dyke, President Eliot, the Bishop of London, braved the public storm, came to Bok's aid, and wrote articles for his magazine heartily backing up his lonely fight."

But if all this required uncommon moral courage, the most remarkable and least foreseeable result was perhaps that achieved by Bok in his campaign for better architecture in the houses of those possessing moderate means. Already Bok had worked a revolution in the interior decoration of sleeping cars, which had been exercising a most baneful influence upon house furnishing! Now he attacked the monstrosities of American domestic architecture. The designs for moderate-priced houses—designs prepared by the best architectects—which he sold to his readers for five dollars a set, were eagerly bought and were used. There are few stranger or more amusing facts relating to public psychology in all history than the fact that scarcely any of the owners realized until after the houses were built that there were no *parlors* in them, that useless apartment having been deliberately omitted from the plans. Instinct, again! if one can draw a clear distinction between instinct and common sense. "Bok," said Theodore Roosevelt, "is the only man I ever heard of who changed for the better the architecture of an entire nation, and he did it so quickly and

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yet so effectively that we didn't know it was begun before it was finished. That is a mighty big job for one man to have done."

Considered in every aspect, *The Americanization of Edward Bok* is an affording and a significant book. In style it is as simple and perspicuous as Xenophon's *Anabasis*, which was also written in the third person and by a man of shrewd common sense who trusted his instincts. The comparison is not far-fetched; the Greek common sense wasn't so far from modern American common sense as some have imagined, and men of superlative sense and lucid mind are rare enough in any age to justify a parallel.

EUROPE: 1789–1920. By E. R. Turner, Ph.D., Professor of European History in The University of Michigan. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Dr. Turner's book is one of an admirable class. The periods of European history treated broadly yet accurately supply the reader with almost all the historical knowledge, apart from a moderate familiarity with the history of his own land and people, which is absolutely essential for culture. In the case of most, indeed, the chief cultural value lies just in the outline, in the complete view, rather than in any historical study which the reader may be induced to do in the way of attempting to absorb details or to draw conclusions. Historical knowledge gained in youth may come to a man's assistance when his mind has matured, but its direct value as discipline is probably less than that of the sciences. Hence, for most, historical study is best conceived as a broadening process rather than as a detailed discipline, and hence the pre-eminent value of such books as this of Dr. Turner's. Of course, a general sketch is of little value without a background, without "apperceptive ideas", but the background may be gained by judicious reading without abandoning one's mind to details. Again, such a book as this affords the best possible basis for detailed study, if the latter is desired.

The reason for a new book of this kind is briefly the alteration in historical perspective brought about by the Great War, and this alteration involves two specific changes: a change in the significance attached to earlier events, and a change of emphasis and proportion.

Of these, the latter consideration appears to be the more important by far. One does not see, for example, that the French Revolution has been better understood since the war than it was before that catastrophe. Comparisons between the French and the Russian Revolutions are, of course, notoriously inexact and misleading if carried far. Perhaps, now that we have witnessed virtually the same thing ourselves, we may look back with somewhat altered feeling upon the Congress of Vienna. "In 1814 and 1815 at Vienna," writes Dr. Turner, "as in 1919 at Paris, those who wished the settlement made by all the Powers interested were obliged to see the decisions made in small

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secret meetings and determined only by the most powerful states. In both cases, perhaps, the work could have been done in no other way."

But it is the change of proportion and emphasis made necessary by the treatment of the War of Nations that most distinguishes the book from those previously written and used. It is only a little past the middle of the volume that one comes upon a reference to a thing so strikingly contemporary as the play, *An Englishman's Home*. The bibliographies appended to each chapter are rich in the titles of books published during the years 1913–1919.

The whole later period is treated in a manner by no means powerful, nor intended to be, but adequate for instruction. In style and method the latter half of the book is somewhat like those editorial summaries of current events contained in some of the best modern journals. It is concise, considered, rather neutral, but useful for exactly the purpose for which it was designed, that of giving perspective; and it is authoritative as based upon wide reading and judicious sifting. There is no neutrality, however, in Dr. Turner's discussion of responsibility for the war, nor is the author too "scientific" a historian to make one feel the emotions of the war or marvel at its vast results in destruction and in achievement.

The tone of the discussion of the Peace Conference is no more pro-League than is natural to one considering broad results apart from immediate issues. There is no *ex parte* argument. No one can easily quarrel with the statement that "the results of the war being what they were, the peace was probably as good a one as under the circumstances was to be made." A good reservationist and one whose ideas concerning the treaty-making power are quite sound, can readily accept all this.

On the whole, one feels distinctly wiser after reading this book. Its value lies not so much in the backward glimpses of the past from the present point of view as in the light thrown forward on the war and upon our present state by the course of events since 1879. Through this book one is enabled in some fashion to see the march of events steadily and to see it whole—to view the war as part of the story of an epoch, and thereby in some fashion mentally to assimilate it with the rest of our knowledge concerning this mysterious world and our mysterious selves.

FREE THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

It is a little hard for many of us to-day to realize how deeply our common life has been affected by certain freethinking men and women of the nineteenth century—"those spiritual teachers and masters from whom the generation now grown to maturity has learned its love of freedom." Frederick Dennison Maurice is almost forgotten, the main part of his influence blended indistinguishably now with the currents of our ordinary thinking, the rest, the personal part, too fragile, too subtle, to survive for long the actual personality

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of the writer. Matthew Arnold, intellectually the most virile of the group, holds his high place in literature as the author of essays, incomparable in their kind, a really original poet, the apostle of a "culture" already beginning to seem a little old-fashioned, the originator of phrases—such as "Sweetness and Light"—beginning to seem more old-fashioned still. Except by the learned, he is scarcely thought of as a reformer of ideas. Again, who now traces anything in his own mind to the influence of Charles Bradlaugh? His thought means no more to us nowadays than does that of Ingersoll; those who busied themselves to disprove the Bible from the Bible have pretty much passed away, and a whole order of ideas has passed with them. The question they discussed has taken on new forms. Harriet Martineau, remarkable woman as she was, has little direct contribution to make to our modern thinking. Even the satirical characterization: "There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is his prophet", is scarcely felt as witty, so obsolete is the issue betwixt old-fashioned theology and agnosticism, so nearly forgotten is the prophetess. Leslie Stephen, known as a man of letters, is scarcely recognized as a militant freethinker. Charles Kingsley survives as a charming literary personality. Huxley shares simply in the glory of Darwin, now almost universally regarded as a seer, and it is hard to remember that not very long ago both he and our own John Fiske were anathema to the religious of almost every denomination.

The fact seems to be that in most cases the message of each of these thinkers was simpler than the teacher supposed. It was not therefore of the less importance; happily, no one's truth is vitiated because it is not the whole truth, and the illusion with which we suggest ourselves, the illusion of possessing uncommon originality or penetration, may serve a good purpose in giving us the courage to assert a simple right. We owe much to the fearlessness of those men and women whose lives Mrs. Courtney has sympathetically told—much to their self-denial, their patience and perseverance, relatively little to their doctrines.

The sketches in this book are therefore of historical value. The author has wisely given much of the social setting of the persons she describes and interprets, and of their inward struggles. The outstanding moral lesson of their lives is made plain without didacticism, and we have a book variously illustrating one phase of character, one type of intellectual virtue, the primary significance, helped by the contrast of minor traits and circumstances, lying in this unity of effect: a tendency, a movement, almost a reformation, is outlined. For those who want to be stimulated by criticism of ideas still related to questions accepted as vital by the modern world, or by analysis of personalities so great or so subtle that one still hopes through fresh criticism to get a glimpse through them into the mystery of human personality—for such the book holds little. For those who like to understand the present in the light of the past and to realize the continuity of our thinking with that of the thinkers who have preceded us, there is much.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINES

SIR:

I found my copy of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW at my home last evening and noted in the Table of Contents an article entitled "Two Pillars of the British Merchant Marine" I.—By Sydney Brooks, whom you justly term "one of the ablest English publicists". Having long been desirous that the United States should have a Merchant Marine of its own great enough to be commensurate with the importance of the nation, I read the article with especial interest.

That Lloyds' Register is one of the pillars of the British merchant marine is cheerfully acknowledged, but that it should therefore also become one of the pillars of the American merchant marine, as insinuatingly set forth by Mr. Brooks, without saying so in so many words, cannot be conceded.

He refers to the "sound judgment" of Senator Jones in recognizing the importance of his two pillars—Lloyds' Register and Lloyds' Insurance—to the British Merchant Marine and that "the goal he (Senator Jones) has set himself seems an eminently right and rational one to strive for" even though the Senator may "so far as American Shipping is concerned desire to oust the influence and authority of the great British organizations."

Whether or not the effort made by the Merchant Marine Act, 1920, attempts to oust the British organizations is not pertinent to my thought in writing now to you, but surely if the said *British* organizations have done so much for a *British* merchant marine, the United States, by their importance among the nations of the earth, their geographical position, their enormous resources and by their past experience in upbuilding are fully warranted in following, somewhat late to be sure, the brilliant example of the great British nation in having their own pillars of strength. That such pillars of our own must be free from the control of any foreign agency or organization should go without saying.

The article almost to the end is a clear, interesting and detailed narrative of the usefulness of a Classification Society. It is rather too much detailed, for the impression is conveyed that a Classification Society performs marvelous duties, which, however, are considered by the societies themselves as being not extraordinary, but only all in the day's work. The excessive detail in description is, however, not important.

The account so well and so completely describes the aims, performance and accomplishment of those "merchants, ship owners, shipbuilders and under-

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writers and marine engineers", who with the same thought of those others who in 1834 reorganized British Lloyds, did reorganize on February 1916, and carry on the work of the American Bureau of Shipping, that in all sincerity, I ask your permission to republish it (of course, with proper credit) merely changing it to read American Bureau of Shipping instead of Lloyds' Register and making the figures to suit.

The author displays no knowledge of the accomplishments of the American Bureau, which does not claim the advantage of the hoary age of eighty-five years, an age that naturally commands a certain prestige, but a few inquiries from headquarters would have convinced him that the Bureau is very much alive, and while it may not yet, due to certain opinions also very ancient that still obtain to some degree in the United States, have achieved the full ambition of its supporters and its rank and file, it takes a high degree of satisfaction in the success that has been attained. But then perhaps this is too much to expect of an English publicist. A keen, analytical, inspiringly American Editor may do this, perhaps.

Senator Jones and Representative Edmonds, the sponsors for the two bills which were finally merged and passed as the Merchant Marine Act, 1920, evidently gave the whole subject of the Merchant Marine, Classification, Insurance and co-relative matters very careful consideration. They must have made a great many inquiries warranting the mention made of the American Bureau of Shipping, though such mention was made without any seeking of the Bureau.

They must have found good reasons for such action; all of the reasons mentioned by the author in describing his "Pillars", as well as some special reasons, for the text of the bill throughout shows the way in which an American merchant marine may again make "the Stars and Stripes to be seen on every ocean" as mentioned in the article, even though the United States may not soon again accomplish its old and new records of "launching twice as many tons as Great Britain."

The author says:

> The United States Government may compel its own vessels to obtain their classification at the American Bureau, (this, by the way, has only been done within the last six months), but the private American ship owner I conceive will prefer in the future, as in the past, to go to Lloyds' Register.

I do not burden this communication with statistics, which will be furnished if desired, but you may take my word for it that existing facts absolutely prove this conception to be wrong.

In this connection, it is curious that the English author does not even hint at the credit due to the British Corporation for Classification and Registry, a corporation of his own country founded in 1890 and still active, which has undoubtedly had a very great effect on shipping developments notably in structural methods and in types of ships. See Pages 230–231:—Kirkaldy's *British Shipping*, etc.

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The American Bureau of Shipping has no quarrel with the British nation or any of its organizations. We recognize the extraordinary solidarity of the British people as a most admirable quality, a solidarity that never fails in unitedly working for the benefit of Great Britain, a solidarity that has only seemed to fail in binding to the United Kingdom its other appanage, Ireland. Is it not time that the American people followed so good and efficient an example? Yield to British organizations, and it consistently follows that there will be neither an American Merchant Marine or any other great enterprise. What would the United States have become had they been governed by British organizations when the Declaration of Independence was written? Lest we forget the lessons of 1915–1917, when we had no ships with which to distribute either our products or our forces, we must always bear in mind that the United States can, more than ever, perform any duty assumed, provided a reasonable forethought be exercised, and if past accomplishments, despite all propaganda, mean anything to this nation, they mean that the nation must rely on its own organizations, not on foreign corporations, be they ever so old and competent.

STEVENSON TAYLOR.

New York City.

STRIKING AGAINST THE PUBLIC

SIR:

What are known as "public service corporations" often have real and serious grievances. For example, several urban traction companies in various cities recently complained of the unfair competition of jitney omnibus lines which the municipal authorities either established or at least authorized. For such complaints there were, beyond doubt, ample grounds.

Consider what that competition means. A trolley company makes a large investment in plant, practically all of which is immovable—tracks, power plants, car-sheds. It pays heavy franchise and other taxes. It is compelled to keep the streets well paved, and to clear them of snow in winter. It is required to run its cars with a certain frequency at all times, regardless of the weather and regardless of whether there is sufficient patronage to make the running of them profitable.

Then the omnibus drivers are permitted to compete with them, running their vehicles on the same streets with the cars. They make not one cent of permanent investment of any kind. They pay only a trifling tax, or license fee. They run practically as they please, getting the cream of business in the rush hours, and suspending operations whenever traffic is so light as to be unprofitable or when the weather is bad and the pavements slippery. Having no immovable property, they are free at any moment to quit the place and remove to some other city which promises better business. Such competition with chartered companies may be or may not be legal. Some courts seem inclined

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to hold that it is not. It certainly is unfair and inequitable, and it is properly regarded by the trolley companies as a serious grievance.

Nevertheless, any such aggrieved corporation is ill-advised in seeking relief, solace, revenge, or what not, in striking against the public by suspending its service; for in so doing, it sacrifices the interests of an innocent and unconcerned third party, whose interests are paramount.

When the employees of a trolley company have a dispute with their employers and go on strike, we say that they have no right to interfere with the running of the cars for the accommodation of the public; that they have no right to sacrifice the welfare of the public in order to score against the company. So, with equal emphasis, it may be said that the company has no right to sacrifice the welfare of the public in order to score against a competitor. So long as it holds a public franchise and occupies public property with its lines, it is under a moral obligation, and certainly should be under a legal one, to serve the public needs. If it has grievances, the courts are open for redress.

J. H. P.

Norwich, Conn.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS

SIR:

Miss Hammond's article in the November number of the REVIEW on American schools is so strong and clear, and points to an ideal which should not be difficult to attain, that I am forced to write and congratulate you upon its publication. It contains the most constructive suggestions for the improvement of our schools I have ever seen.

CARL DREYFUS.

Boston, Mass.

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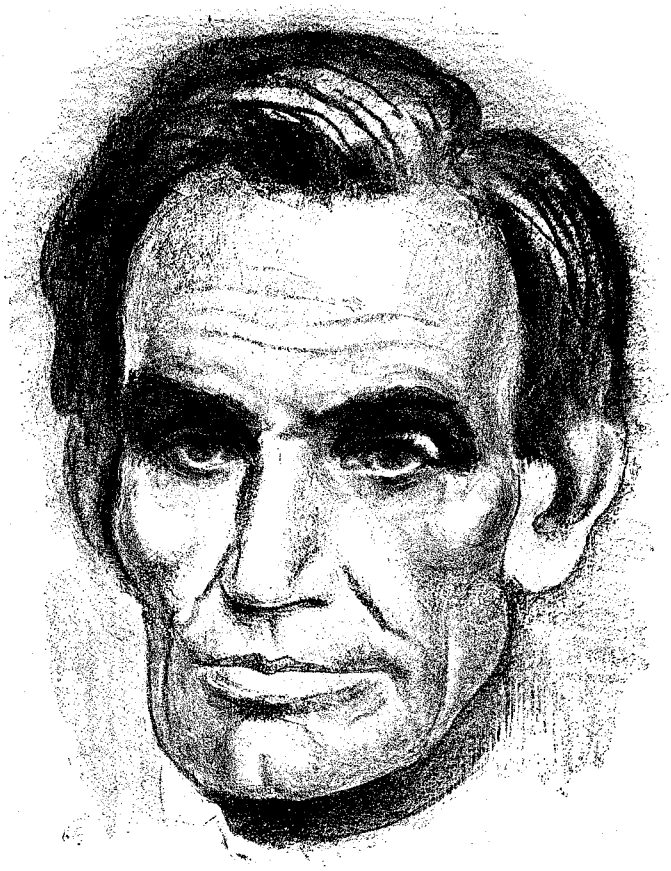

THE SOUL OF LINCOLN

[*From an auto-lithograph by Boardman Robinson*]

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